HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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WILLIAM L. STRONG,

The next Mayor of New York City, who defeated the Tammany Candidate, Hugh J. Grant, by a Majority of 42,617.—[See Page 1099.]

From a Photograph by Rockwood.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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ELECTION RESULTS.

THE November elections of this year have, in the main, turned out as we had reason to expect. No sensible man could doubt that there would be a strong reaction all over the country in favor of the Republican party. Hard times always tell against those in power, whoever may be really chargeable with the responsibility. In spite of the hard times, however, the Democrats would have had a fair fighting chance, had not the treacherous conduct of their leading men in the Senate, the insane attitude of some of their State conventions, notably that of Ohio, concerning the free-coinage question, and corrupt practices of some of their local organizations, like Tammany Hall, disgusted the best elements of their own party, and driven away from them that large force of independents who, only a few years ago, had by their energetic support given them victory and power. All these circumstances combined to turn what might have been otherwise only a lively breeze into a genuine hurricane, before the fury of which hardly anything could stand.

When we contemplate the wrecks the tempest has left behind it we find much for which all good citizens must be profoundly thankful, and upon which the heartiest congratulations are exchanged among honest and patriotic Democrats. In the first place, the overwhelming defeat suffered by Tammany Hall, in a city which under ordinary conditions could be counted upon for a Democratic majority of over 50,000, will go far to wipe from the escutcheon of this republic its foulest spot, and inspire with new hope those who began seriously to doubt the practicability of democratic government in our large municipalities. It has been a striking demonstration of the fact that even in a population composed of the most heterogeneous elements, and under the distracting influence of all sorts of political questions and interests, the honest citizens can unite for the promotion of good government, and of what they can accomplish when so united. The adoption of the constitutional amendments, including that separating municipal from State and national elections, will in future greatly facilitate the co-operation of what we may call the good-government elements, without distinction of party, and thus turn this one success into a permanent blessing.

It was generally admitted that in order to complete the discomfiture of Tammany Hall it would be necessary to have a Legislature disposed to pass a bill enabling the reform Mayor to remove the Tammany heads of the municipal departments, and a Governor disposed to put his signature to such an act. We may take it for granted that the strong Republican majority in the new Legislature and the Republican Governor will promptly do these things, for, whatever political influences to the contrary may be brought to bear upon them, they will not dare to refuse what is so peremptorily demanded by public opinion. We do not apprehend any failure in this respect; and thus will be begun that process which alone can be counted upon to disable Tammany Hall in the long-run—the complete stoppage of supplies. Good citizens, whatever their political proclivities may be, have therefore reason to rejoice at the election, this time, of a Republican Governor and a Republican Legislature.

One of the most auspicious results of the late election, ranking in importance with the defeat of Tammany Hall, is the downfall of DAVID B. HILL. It may be said without the slightest exaggeration that he represents all that is worst in politics, and that, had his career been one of continued success, not only would his power have been a constant menace to the public good, but the seduction of his example would have become one of the most demoralizing influences in the political life of this country. The crushing verdict the people of his own State have pronounced upon him—more crushing even than the verdict under which last year they buried the wretched MAYNARD—has at one blow put an end to all his ulterior ambitions, and reduced him from a potent factor in American politics to the humiliating situation of what in the political slang of our time is graphically called a "back number." The manner in which after a frantic struggle he fell as a helpless victim to his own political methods will stand as one of the most instructive lessons in our history.

With scarcely less satisfaction will the friends of good government and honest politics contemplate the fate of the other conspirators in the Senate against the objects to the accomplishment of which they stood pledged as party men—GORMAN, BRICE, and SMITH. The popular voice in their States—Maryland, Ohio, and New Jersey—has pronounced so unmistakably and emphatically against them that it may be regarded as declaring their respective careers closed. It cannot be said that they were merely overthrown, like so many others, in a general disaster; for they are among those who are known to have caused the tempest, and not merely succumbed to it as innocent victims. By these defeats it is to be hoped that the Democratic party will be relieved of that leadership which has been most prejudicial to its usefulness, as well as to the public interest.

In a high degree deplorable is it, on the other hand, that Mr. WILSON of West Virginia failed of a re-election. Of him it may truly be said that he had to suffer for sins committed by others. Men of his ability and character can ill be spared from Congress, and his defeat is especially to be regretted at this time, since it may serve to put him on the list of ineligibles for the next Democratic nomination for the Presidency, for which his principles and his record, as well as the high esteem in which he is deservedly held by friend and foe, would have excellently qualified him.

What the Republicans will attempt to do with the power so suddenly fallen into their hands is an interesting question. We say "attempt to do," for although their victory has been so sweeping as to give them an overwhelming control of the next House of Representatives, at the same time destroying the Democratic majority in the Senate, they will not be able to pass any measure of legislation without the consent of a Democratic President. This will preclude any disturbance of the present tariff until the session of Congress beginning in December, 1897. In the mean time the Republicans will be in a position not to carry through any measures of their own, but to obstruct those of the administration. The manner in which they use this power will mainly make up the record of the party for the Presidential election of 1896; for it is more than probable that, the prosperity of the country having revived by that time, the tariff question will be eliminated from politics by a general desire for economic rest, and the chances of political parties will depend upon their good behavior in other respects. It must have struck all observers of recent events that strong fluctuations of public opinion one way and the other have become remarkably frequent of late years, and that party majorities are growing correspondingly uncertain. The Republicans won the Presidential election in 1888. There was an overwhelming Democratic tidal wave against them in 1890 on account of their misuse of power. The Democrats won the Presidential election in 1892; and the Republican tidal wave this year, caused by Democratic misconduct, is even more startling than the Democratic tidal wave was in 1890. Evidently the independent spirit among the voters which causes these sweeping commotions acts more and more in disregard of party allegiance; and the Republicans will have to be very careful to prove themselves worthy of the power intrusted to them in order to retain it.

President CLEVELAND may congratulate himself upon having firmly resisted all partisan entreaties urging him to meddle with the struggle in New York in favor of the "regular organization." Had he done so, he would have made HILL'S discomfiture in part his own. Instead of committing so dangerous a blunder, he wisely promulgated, on the eve of the election, his order largely extending the scope of the civil service rules, thus bestowing upon the country a substantial and lasting benefit. Congress not being controlled by his party during the second half of his term, he will then no longer be held responsible for the success or failure of party measures in the national legislature, and it is to be hoped that he will devote all his energies to the improvement of methods of government—a task fully as important as any other, if not more so—thus closing his career as President in the same honorable manner in which he began it in 1885, and leaving his mark as the champion of a most momentous reform indelibly stamped upon the history of the republic.

RUSSIA AND HER CZAR.

ALEXANDER III. reigned over Russia for more than thirteen years. In that time the great empire stood still. Under the government of his father there had been movement upward and in harmony with the spirit of the times, and of the races of men that were the neighbors of the Russians. The serfs were made free, and it is said that constitutional reforms were about to be promulgated, and that the decree granting Parliamentary government was actually finished when the nihilist's bomb deprived Russia of the most liberal ruler she had known since the reign of CATHERINE the Great. ALEXANDER II. had also maintained a bold front to the rest of Europe and to Asia. He improved his army, and waged war with it. He gained some modification of the treaty which had for twenty years excluded Russia's war-ships from the Black Sea. Russian fleets and armies did not menace any power during the reign of ALEXANDER III. He was a lover of peace. His armies ceased to push towards the British Empire in India. Bulgaria was not punished for offending him by making FERDINAND its King. The Turk was not in dread of his big neighbor. France, indeed, did its utmost to drag him into her effort to quarrel with Germany; and the hysterical reception, a few months ago, of the Russian admiral and the officers and sailors of his fleet at Toulon and Paris was intended to impress the rest of Europe with the belief that an aggressive alliance existed between the two. To close observers, however, it was evident that the Czar was the passive and altogether unwilling participant in the demonstration. It was evident that the Russian friendship for France was a calculated sentiment designed to promote a loan from French bankers—a loan which had failed in London and Berlin, and the success of which was essential to the carrying out of the Czar's scheme of currency reform.

While Russia was at peace with all the world during this reign, she has not been so unhappy within since the days when the wars between the Slavs and the Mongols made almost every foot of her territory battle-ground. The peace of Russia has been maintained by a tyranny the like of which is unknown in any thoroughly civilized country in the world. That the throne still exists, and that NICHOLAS II. succeeds his dead father, is due to the fact that the Czar rules absolutely over millions of degraded, ignorant, grossly superstitious peasants, who look upon him as the representative of Christ, as the source of the dreadful power to which they must submit, and of the religion which, fearful though its threats may be, embodies all that they know of beneficence and hope. When enlightenment penetrates down to them, when they cease to tremble and obey and begin to question, when they rebel against oppression and demand the rights which the German peasants possess, the power of the Czar must break, unless it bends before that time comes.

In the thirteen years of the reign of ALEXANDER III., those who might have advanced Russia in the arts of civilization have lived in the torturing fear of the police. In all the empire there was only one life more unhappy than the most miserable of theirs, and that was the Czar's. They lived in constant dread of arrest, and he in constant dread of the assassin. While he was surrounding himself with guards, long lines of his subjects, many of whom had been seized at midnight on suspicion based on the slenderest foundation, and condemned without trial by magistrates whose irresponsibility and brutality have been unknown in the rest of Europe since feudalism ceased to exist, were making their way over the steppes of Siberia, while others were paying the penalty of death, perhaps for unknown crimes, in the horrible dungeons of St. Peter and St. Paul. ALEXANDER III. did nothing for the reform of the system which deprived Russia of the affection and loyalty of these exiles and prisoners, and the class to which they belonged, and made them the enemies of their government, and even of social order. The government which ALEXANDER III. maintained was that which he inherited from his ancestors. It is said that he destroyed the proclamation granting parliamentary government in his fury over the assassination of his father. Whether this tale be true or false, he did nothing to restore to Russia the self-government which had begun to make her great in the arts of peace and politics in the thirteenth century, when the Mongols broke over the Urals and dashed her back into the darkness of the past, when her barbarian chiefs appealed to the Normans for assistance, and made them rulers over the land. He left Russia a land of slaves and nihilists, ruled over by an autocrat who is served by a horde of corrupt persecutors. It is true that there are patriotic and able statesmen in Russia, as well as men of letters and artists who have produced great works in spite of the general darkness that has prevailed about them, but they have existed and grown in spite of the conditions of the empire.

The son of ALEXANDER III. assumes the throne with evident trepidation. He is said to be mild, and to love peace as his father did. Europe may have nothing to fear from the armies of the new Czar; but what of Russia herself? Will NICHOLAS recognize the value to himself and his dynasty, as well as to his country, of individual freedom, of the reign of law over monarch as well as over subject, of popular self-government? Will he make Russia a modern free state, or will he keep it Asiatic and barbarian? These are questions to which the world will anxiously await an answer. There are no signs yet that the new Czar's policy will differ from his father's; but the time is coming when the Russian people will change the relations between themselves and their Czar, if he does not anticipate them. There are signs of this, at all events. Russia cannot always remain in the past, the one land of oppression and absolutism in Europe.

AN ANTI-SNAPPER SPEAKS AGAIN.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

On the 17th of February last you published a letter from me entitled "An Anti-Snapper's View." I write to you again in the light of fulfilled prediction. As a lover of Democratic principles, as an enemy of paternalism in all its multiplying forms, I regret the necessity of the overwhelming defeat of the Democratic party on Tuesday last. As one having faith in the redeeming common-sense of the people of this country, I am not without hope and cheerfulness. In fact, the outlook seems most encouraging, not only to the patriot who would put an end to corruption, but to the Democrat who is a partisan for principle. The people have shown a capacity for righteous indignation, and a power to overcome evil that must enlarge one's faith in the moral soundness and the stability of the republic, and encourage one's hope for the future. It is true that in their indignation they have done much injustice. They have punished their friends as well as their enemies; but such acts of injustice are likely in the end to enure to the profit of those who suffer immediately, and therefore it would be idle to permit the strokes that have been administered to the innocent to diminish our joy over the death-blows that have been dealt to wrong and those who are guilty of it.

In the letter to which I have referred I said, speaking of the Democratic machine: "The old machine is rusty and creaking. Its crank is in the hands of fantastic folly and degrading corruption. It cannot be reformed; it must be smashed. It has not a patent right to the name Democrat. Even under the ballot law of New York that designation can be taken from it. The best Democrats are for revenue reform, for sound money, for civil service reform, for local self-government, for the maintenance of the liberty and independence of the individual, and of this Democracy Gorman, Croker, Pugh, Hill, Morgan, Brice, and Murphy know nothing." And again: "It is because Mr. Cleveland declined to regard himself as the leader of a cause, and to lend what might have been his powerful and effective assistance to those who were ready to bear the brunt of the fighting, that the Democratic party is to-day in so deplorable a condition."

The defeat of the Democracy is too overwhelming to be charged to one man or one circumstance, to one sin or to one mistake. It is due to a general condition. But for this condition Mr. Cleveland is at least partly responsible. As I pointed out in my former communication, he is responsible because he has not assumed the leadership of his cause; because he permitted, and indirectly at least encouraged, a condition of things in this State which has resulted in the election of Murphy to the Senate, in the nomination of Maynard as judge of the Court of Appeals, in the defeat of his nominations of Hornblower and Peckham for the Supreme Court justiceship, in the supremacy of the machine, the nomination of Hill, and the audacity of Croker's band of Tammany bandits; because he has turned his back upon the men who made him President, and who represent all that is best in the Democratic party.

No honest man can doubt the essential sincerity and the devotion of Mr. Cleveland. He believes in right principles, in sound policies, in good men. He is a partisan because he has faith in what he regards as democratic principles. He has a courage that is usually called stubborn, but which is often lofty. Not one of our Presidents has been more firm than he in clinging to what he has regarded as the path of duty. No one of them has so determinedly labored for what has seemed to him the essential right. If at times he has appeared to turn his back upon the professions he has made, it has been because not to do so might have imperilled a cause that for the moment was, in his eyes, of greater importance and in more immediate danger. You may condemn his judgment, perhaps, but no indictment will stand against his conscientiousness, his high purpose, his fearlessness, his faith in sound principles and good men. It is to him, as well as to his Secretary of the Treasury, that the country owes the absolute repeal of the Sherman law. It is to him that the country is still indebted for the repeal of the McKinley law. And it is to him that is due the credit for a larger extension of civil service reform than has been made by any other President.

But with all his virtues he is not the leader of a cause. His gravest limitation is that he does not know what a cause is as separated from a personality. He has faith in good men who have shown their virtue by their attachment to himself. He is suspicious of all men who band themselves together for the advancement of political principles. It is apparently impossible for him to differentiate between those who organize to plunder the people in their own behalf and those who organize for the purpose of establishing party policies in the laws of the country; between those who seek office that gain may come to them and those who seek office that they may contribute, according to their lights and their judgment, to the welfare and happiness of the people. He has preferred to carry on his administration through the aid of individuals whom he has selected himself. So far as he has regarded organization at all he has accepted that which existed, and has seemed to look upon all effort to reform it as dictated by selfish motives and a vulgar desire for office.

The Democratic party deserved defeat not for what Mr. Cleveland has done officially, but because for years it has deliberately and wittingly placed at its head, or tolerated as its leaders, men who deny its principles, men who are venal, corrupt, and sordid. And Mr. Cleveland is chargeable not only with participating in this sin of his party, but, when the opportunity was afforded him of reforming it, of making better men and sounder Democrats its leaders, of not recognizing his opportunity. The leadership of Gorman, Brice, Smith, Hill, and that kind has brought the party to its present deplorable condition. The revolt against that leadership, which resulted in the smashing of its machine on Tuesday in every section of the Union, began with the nomination of Mr. Cleveland at Chicago. In the moment of their triumph in the National Convention the Democrats of the country thought they had chosen a leader who would bring them out of their bondage. Their enlightenment began in the campaign which immediately followed.

The hard times and the discontent of the unemployed may account for much of the party's present unpopularity, but it would be unfortunate self-deception if the party should listen to the wiles of those who would convince it that its own faults are not accountable for the uprising against it. Could Mr. Cleveland have brought about a different result? No one can answer that question positively, but it is certain that he has not done many things which his friends and the country had the right to expect of him when he was chosen as the candidate of his party against the machinations and active opposition of the sinister politicians who have at last in the middle of his administration brought disaster, if not ruin, on the party.

I shall speak mainly of the New York machine, for it is with that and its record for the last two years that Mr. Cleveland is most intimately connected, and it was of that I spoke in my former communication. When the Chicago Convention of 1892 adjourned, the machine was defeated. It was prepared to beg for terms, and to accept as a mercy any leniency that might be shown to its leaders. It had undertaken to cheat the Democrats out of their choice by its "snap convention," and it had been beaten by a revolt within the party. It had struggled bitterly against Mr. Cleveland's nomiuation, and had been routed. It had predicted that he would not carry the State of New York, and its predictions had been disbelieved. It returned humiliated. Mr. Cleveland had been chosen as the leader of the campaign for sound Democratic principles, and especially for tariff reform against McKinleyism. He had the right, and it was his duty, to place his friends in charge of the campaign. The machine expected that he would exercise his right. He hesitated, and the courage of the machine revived. It made demands, and he acquiesced. The national campaign was conducted by protectionists. We now know that Gorman, Brice, and Smith, who were left in power in Mr. Cleveland's party, made a bargain with the Louisiana sugar planters and refiners, which resulted in the scandals of the Sugar Trust, the defeat of the Wilson bill in the Senate, the passage of a tariff bill which angered the people, who had twice pronounced in favor of tariff reform by overwhelming majorities, and which Mr. Cleveland could not sign. If Mr. Cleveland had insisted that his campaign should be conducted by Democrats who held the principles that he professed, and who had compelled his nomination, no such bargain could have been made, and the consequent scandal might have been avoided.

The campaign in this State was conducted by Murphy and Sheehan. One can fancy the gloating glee with which the erstwhile battered machine received the campaign funds that were subscribed for Cleveland, the tariff reformer, and that were to be employed to secure the election to the United States Senate of Murphy, the protectionist agent of the Troy collar and cuff factories. Mr. Fairchild and the anti-snappers had defeated Hill's aspiration to be President, they had won a victory against the boss-ruled machine, but they came home with their candidate only to be told that they were not to participate in the campaign for their principles, and that the candidate himself preferred to leave the fortunes of his cause and theirs to men who had been, and were still to be, more effective enemies of that cause than all the Republicans of the State together.

Here was the first great opportunity of leadership that Mr. Cleveland lost. He might have destroyed the machine and saved his party. The people voted for him and elected him because they believed in his principles, in his honesty, in his courage, in his saving common-sense. All these virtues are his, save when he is called upon to rise above his personal relations to men and events, and to take the leadership of a movement designed for the shaping of the future. He cannot escape responsibility for the miserable bargain which his leader, Gorman, confessed on the floor of the Senate. He cannot escape responsibility for the revival of the power of the State machine, which was wholly within his control after his triumph over it at Chicago. And with this responsibility follows that for Hill's influence at Washington, for Murphy's election as his colleague and accomplice, and for the consequences that followed in New York.

In my former communication I said that Mr. Cleveland betrayed a lamentable weakness in declining to lead his friends in opposing Murphy's election to the United States Senate. What I said then may be repeated now. It was as follows: "He told Murphy and Croker that the selection of the former without consulting him was an outrage. He knew, for he was consulted and advised with, that the men who had made the anti-snapper movement a success were ready to make a contest against Murphy. He was urged to take the lead and to make an issue, not in his own behalf, but for his principles. Some of the men to whom he owed most pointed out his duty to him." There was a time when Murphy could have been defeated, but Mr. Cleveland was the only man in the country who could have accomplished this desirable result, and he declined to interfere beyond making a statement of his feeling when it was too late. He now knows the result of that disgraceful episode in the political history of the State. The ill effect has reached far beyond the State. It has driven thousands of voters in other States away from the Democratic party. It added to the protectionist force in the Senate, and made a traitor to his party one of the slender Democratic majority. It gave the Sugar Trust a friend; it gave to Hill support in his war upon the administration, and enabled him to appeal to Senatorial courtesy in the name of the whole insulted State of New York; it made possible the rejection of Hornblower and Peckham; it gave heart to Sheehan and Croker, and rehabilitated the machine. Tammany lifted up its head in the presence of the man whom it had fought and maligned, so that even when its convicted election officers were performing their daily tasks in prison, it had the effrontery to ask, and was encouraged to expect, the appointment of a member of its law-breaking organization as United States District Attorney.

Mr. Cleveland's refusal to undertake the relief of his party from the leadership that has resulted in the late overwhelming disaster emboldened the Hill machine to seek a vindication at the polls for the theft of the Dutchess County returns of the State Senate, and of Hill's Federal Senatorship. The nomination of Maynard was directly the result of the failure to reorganize the State Committee in 1892—a failure attributable to Mr. Cleveland's declination of his party leadership. The people beat the machine, and still it was permitted to exist. It was even encouraged. The only body of men capable of reorganizing the party in accordance with the principles that triumphed in the May Convention, and in the resulting nomination of Mr. Cleveland, were the anti-snappers. But they were not consulted. They had not been encouraged since election. The cold shoulder had been turned to them in the Murphy incident. Their request for recognition as a Democratic organization was denied. It is true that anti-snappers were appointed to office, but the appointments were made generally without the advice of the leaders of the faction. No anti-snapper asked Mr. Cleveland to build up a personal machine; but there was a time, now long past, when some anti-snappers hoped that when he had occasion to consult Democrats as Democrats, he would select for his advisers men like ex-Secretary Fairchild, Mr. Everett P. Wheeler, and the other leaders who held the Democratic faith, and whose political action, when occasion demands, is sacrificial. So far as I can learn, Mr. Cleveland has paid no deference to any organization except to the Murphy machine and to Tammany Hall. Mr. Dayton was appointed Postmaster because he belonged to Tammany. Mr. Kilbreth, of whose selection no Democrat can complain, was appointed Collector because he would not be so offensive to the machine as the anti-snappers who were recommended would be. Mr. McCarthy was appointed in answer to machine requests. Murphy named the postmaster at Troy. As I have already said, Tammany came so near to naming the District Attorney that, in the light of recent revelations, good citizens may well shudder at their narrow escape.

Whether the President's attitude towards the machine was justly or unjustly judged, the feeling prevailed that he preferred it to the organization that his friends, the men who made him President, were trying to establish, and if that feeling was unfounded it would have been very easy for him to allay it. The bitter fruit of his failure to do this was borne this year. The Cleveland men throughout the State became discouraged. In counties where they might have made a hopeful struggle they remained at home, permitting the State machine to have its way. In New York and Kings counties they organized because the local issues in the two great cities of the State made such organization possible. They had also ceased to expect any countenance from the President, and recognized the fact that they would be compelled to depend upon their cause and on their own exertions. When the Saratoga Convention assembled, they asked the machine to recognize them as Democrats, and the machine refused. It refused those whom it deemed so weak and friendless that even the man for whose nomination they had laid aside all hope of immediate political preferment turned his back on them. It is said that Mr. Hill desired the admission of the delegations of the State Democracy and Kings County Democrats, and probably the statement is true. Mr. Hill does not lack perspicacity. But this eleventh-hour sense of justice does not entitle him to the respect and confidence of the men whom he has kept out of politics for so many years. It was his machine, built by him, taught by him, and acting on the principles established by him, that kept the New York and Kings County reformers out of the State Convention, and that decided that no Democrat in the city of New York could have any part or lot in the organization of his party, could not attend its conventions, could not even vote at its primaries, unless he was a member of Tammany Hall.

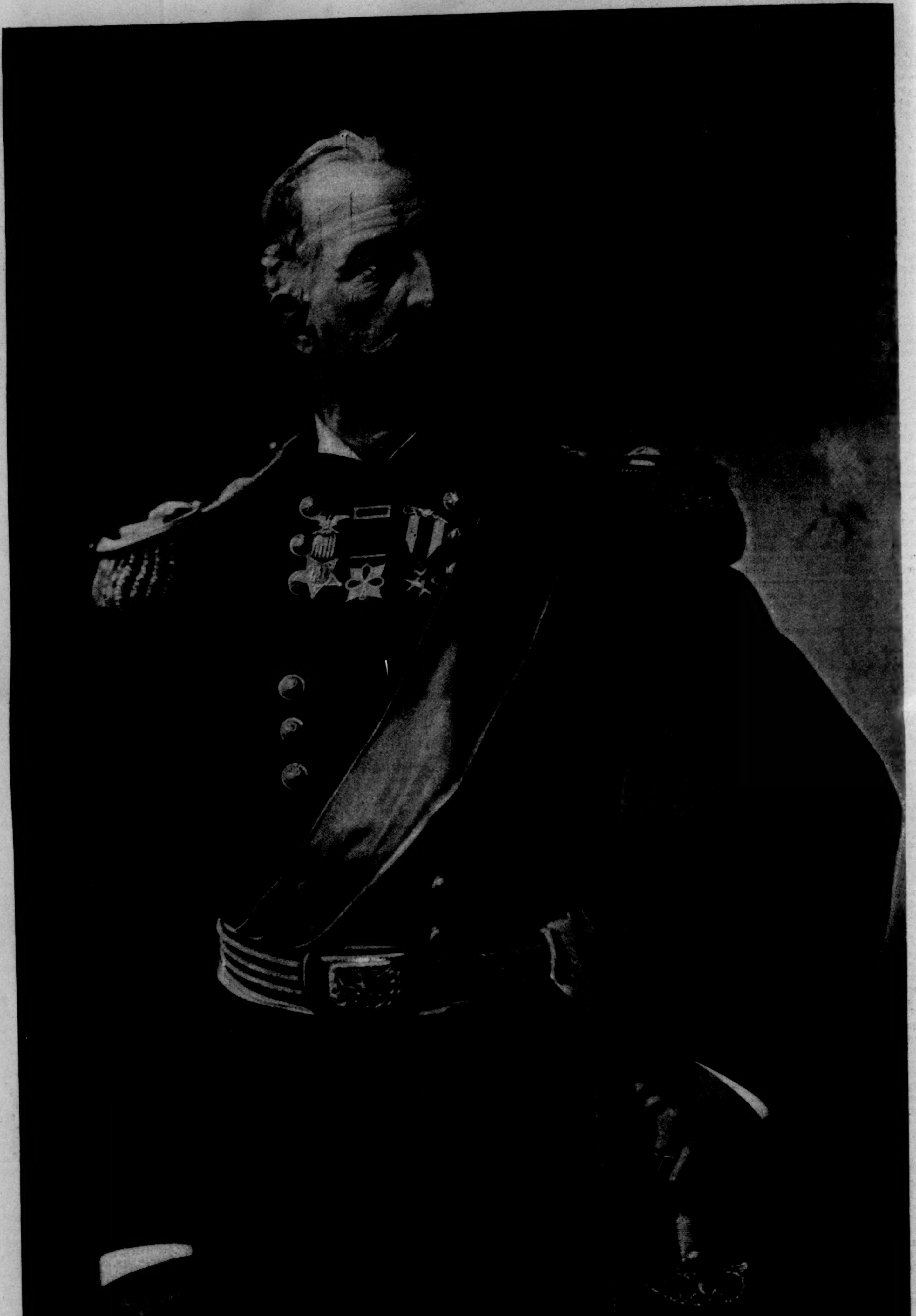
If that machine had not been permitted to revive after its defeat in 1892, if Mr. Cleveland had never given occasion for his enemies to repeat, and for many of his former friends to believe, what I trust and believe is the false story of the Victoria Hotel agreement, many evils would have been avoided, the Democratic party in this State would not have deserved the defeat of last Tuesday, and even if the Republicans had carried the State, it would not have been by 155,000 plurality. In the letter published February 17th I said, "If it had not been for Grover Cleveland's weakness, Maynard would not have been nominated, Murphy would not be Senator, and the Supreme Court would not be the sport of the New York machine." I can add that if Mr. Cleveland had done his duty by his cause the old machine would be dead, his old friends would be in control—Democrats who are Democrats because they believe in Democratic doctrines, because they are against paternalism, the advocates of lower tariff taxes, the enemies of trusts and of those who sell themselves to trusts—and consequently Hill would not have been nominated for Governor—Hill, who has fought Democratic principles and Democratic candidates more effectively than the Republicans themselves.

So much for the State of New York. What has gone on here has affected the political situation everywhere; but it is mainly what has gone on in Washington that has caused the great disaster which is so overwhelming in its character that all friends of good government and of rational legislation, whether they are Democrats or Republicans, must deeply regret it. There is no doubt that the tariff reformers of the Northwest and the South felt that they were deceived in their leader, when Mr. Cleveland failed to call Congress in extra session at the beginning of his administration for the purpose of entering upon the work of tariff reform. If he had done that he would have prevented obstruction by Senators whose constituents were chiefly interested in securing the repeal of the Sherman silver act, while that task would have been also expedited. With the arguments for and against that early session I have nothing to do; but as Mr. Cleveland had disappointed his friends in New York by refusing to help them smash the corrupt machine, whose existence was threatening the supremacy, if not the life, of his party, so his action on this occasion led the hopeful Democracy of the Northwest to fear that they had not gained the leader they had expected for the cause which they had chiefly at heart. But Mr. Cleveland's responsibility for the scandalous conduct of leading Democratic Senators, for the opposition to his administration of Gorman, Brice, and Smith, as well as of Hill, dates farther back than his inauguration. It dates back to the time of his nomination. It was he and his chosen advisers who kept these men prominent and powerful in the Democratic party. It was because he had not insisted on a reform of the National Committee, or at least the appointment of a thoroughly Democratic campaign committee, that Gorman, Smith, and Brice were enabled to make their bargain on his behalf with the Louisiana planters, and afterwards to appear to the country as the spokesmen for the party, as representative of its character, as living proof of its infidelity, of the hollow mockery of its pledges, of its unworthiness of the support of the people who had placed it in power for the purpose of putting an end to McKinleyism.

It is possible—I am willing to admit that it is probable—that Mr. Cleveland could not have changed the result, although there is no doubt that he might have greatly reduced its magnitude. But no one questions that the defeat of the Democratic party is not due to the people's desire for a return of McKinleyism, which they have repudiated, but to the bad character of its leadership, which has made Hill, Murphy, Sheehan, and Croker possible in this State, which has meant Gorman and Brice and Smith in the Senate, and which has tainted the whole party with the betrayal of its principles for the silver of the Sugar Trust. It is true that the character of the Democratic party is not bad, but the reputation which its rascals have fastened upon it is loathsome. And from this reputation Mr. Cleveland might have done much to save it. That he did not is the cause of deep regret to all who have followed him, and who still admire him for his devotion to his public duties, for his sterling honesty, and for the courage with which he faces his problems.

DEMOCRAT.

NEW YORK, *November* 8, 1894.



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U. S. A.—[See Page 1090.]
Who succeeds General O. O. Howard in Command of the Department of the East.

THE PARASITE.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "MICAH CLARKE," "ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES," ETC., ETC.

PART II.

MARCH 26TH.—Wilson was, as I had anticipated, very exultant over my conversion, and Miss Penclosa was also demurely pleased at the result of her experiment. Strange what a silent, colorless creature she is, save only when she exercises her power! Even talking about it gives her color and life. She seems to take a singular interest in me. I cannot help observing how her eyes follow me about the room.

We had the most interesting conversation about her own powers. It is just as well to put her views on record, though they cannot, of course, claim any scientific weight.

"You are on the very fringe of the subject," said she, when I had expressed wonder at the remarkable instance of suggestion which she had shown me. "I had no direct influence upon Miss Marden when she came round to you. I was not even thinking of her that morning. What I did was to set her mind, as I might set the alarum of a clock, so that at the hour named it would go off of its own accord. If six months instead of twelve hours had been suggested, it would have been the same."

"And if the suggestion had been to assassinate me?"

"She would most inevitably have done so."

"But this is a terrible power!" I cried.

"It is, as you say, a terrible power," she answered, gravely; "and the more you know of it, the more terrible will it seem to you."

"May I ask," said I, "what you meant when you said that this matter of suggestion is only at the fringe of it? What do you consider the essential?"

"I had rather not tell you."

I was surprised at the decision of her answer.

"You understand," said I, "that it is not out of curiosity I ask, but in the hope that I may find some scientific explanation for the facts with which you furnish me."

"Frankly, Professor Gilroy," said she, "I am not at all interested in science, nor do I care whether it can or can not classify these powers."

"But I was hoping—"

"Ah, that is quite another thing. If you make it a personal matter," said she, with the pleasantest of smiles, "I shall be only too happy to tell you anything you wish to know. Let me see. What was it you asked me? Oh, about the further powers. Professor Wilson won't believe in them, but they are quite true all the same. For example, it is possible for an operator to gain complete command over his subject—presuming that the latter is a good one. Without any previous suggestion he may make him do whatever he likes."

"Without the subject's knowledge?"

"That depends. If the force were strongly exerted, he would know no more about it than Miss Marden did when she came round and frightened you so. Or, if the influence was less powerful, he might be conscious of what he was doing, but be quite unable to prevent himself from doing it."

"Would he have lost his own will power, then?"

"It would be overridden by another stronger one."

"Have you ever exercised this power yourself?"

"Several times."

"Is your own will so strong, then?"

"Well, it does not entirely depend upon that. Many have strong wills which are not detachable from themselves. The thing is to have the gift of projecting it into another person, and superseding their own. I find that the power varies with my own strength and health."

"Practically you send your soul into another person's body."

"Well, you might put it that way."

"And what does your own body do?"

"It merely feels lethargic."

"Well, but is there no danger to your own health?" I asked.

"There might be a little. You have to be careful never to let your own consciousness absolutely go, otherwise you might experience some difficulty in finding your way back again. You must always preserve the connection, as it were. I am afraid I express myself very badly, Professor Gilroy, but of course I don't know how to put these things in a scientific way. I am just giving you my own experiences and my own explanations."

"I WAS CONSCIOUS ONLY OF HER OWN EYES LOOKING DOWN AT ME, GRAY, DEEP, INSCRUTABLE."
DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

Well, I read this over now at my leisure, and I marvel at myself. Is this Austin Gilroy, the man who has won his way to the front by his hard reasoning power and by his devotion to fact? Here I am, gravely retailing the gossip of a woman who tells me how her soul may be projected from her body, and how, while she lies in a lethargy, she can control the actions of people at a distance. Do I accept it? Certainly not. She must prove and reprove before I yield a point. But if I am still a sceptic, I have at least ceased to be a scoffer. We are to have a sitting this evening, and she is to try if she can produce any mesmeric effect upon me. If she can it will make an excellent starting-point for our investigation. No one can accuse *me*, at any rate, of complicity. If she cannot, we must try and find some subject who will be like Cæsar's wife. Wilson is perfectly impervious.

10 P.M.—I believe that I am on the threshold of an epoch-making investigation. To have the power of examining these phenomena from inside—to have an organism which will respond, and at the same time a brain which will appreciate and criticise—that is surely a unique advantage. I am quite sure that Wilson would give five years of his life to be as susceptible as I have proved myself to be.

There was no one present except Wilson and his wife. I was seated with my head leaning back; and Miss Penclosa, standing in front, and a little to the left, used the same long sweeping strokes as with Agatha. At each of them a warm current of air seemed to strike me, and to suffuse a thrill and glow all through me, from head to foot. My eyes were fixed upon Miss Penclosa's face; but as I gazed, the features seemed to blur and to fade away. I was conscious only of her own eyes looking down at me, gray, deep, inscrutable. Larger they grew, and larger, until they changed suddenly into two mountain lakes, towards which I seemed to be falling with horrible rapidity. I shuddered; and as I did so, some deeper stratum of thought told me that the shudder represented the rigor which I had observed in Agatha. An instant later I struck the surface of the lakes, now joined into one, and down I went beneath the water, with a fulness in my head and a buzzing in my ears. Down I went, down, down, and then with a swoop up again, until I could see the light streaming brightly through the green water. I was almost at the surface, when the word "Awake!" rang through my head, and with a start I found myself back in the arm-chair, with Miss Penclosa leaning on her crutch, and Wilson, his note-book in his hand, peeping over her shoulder. No heaviness or weariness was left behind. On the contrary, though it is only an hour or so since the experiment, I feel so wakeful that I am more inclined for my study than my bedroom. I see quite a vista of interesting experiments extending before us, and am all impatience to begin upon them.

March 27th.—A blank day, as Miss Penclosa goes with Wilson and his wife to the Suttons. Have begun Binet and Ferré's *Animal Magnetism*. What strange, deep waters these are! Results, results, results—and the cause an absolute mystery! It is stimulating to the imagination, but I must be on my guard against that. Let us have no inferences nor deductions, and nothing but solid facts. I *know* that the mesmeric trance is true; I *know* that mesmeric suggestion is true; I *know* that I am myself sensitive to this force. That is my present position. I have a large new note-book, which shall be devoted entirely to scientific detail.

Long talk with Agatha and Mrs. Marden in the evening about our marriage. We think that the summer vac. (the beginning of it) would be the best time for the wedding. Why should we delay? I grudge even those few months. Still, as Mrs. Marden says, there are a good many things to be arranged.

March 28th.—Mesmerized again by Miss Penclosa. Experience much the same as before, save that insensibility came on more quickly. See Note-book A for temperature of room, barometric pressure, pulse, and respiration, as taken by Professor Wilson.

March 29th. — Mesmerized again. Details in Note-book A.

March 30th.—Sunday, and a blank day. I grudge any interruption of our experiments. At present they merely embrace the physical signs, which go with slight, with complete, and with extreme insensibility. Afterwards we hope to pass on to the phenomena of suggestion and of lucidity. Professors have demonstrated these things upon women at Nancy and at the Salpêtrière. It will be more convincing when a woman demonstrates them upon a professor, with a second professor as a witness. And that I should be the subject—I, the sceptic, the materialist! At least, I have shown that my devotion to science is greater than to my own personal consistency. The eating of our own words is the greatest sacrifice which truth ever requires of us.

My neighbor, Charles Sadler, the handsome young demonstrator of anatomy, came in this evening to return a volume of Virchow's *Archives*, which I had lent him. I call him young, but, as a matter of fact, he is a year older than I am.

"I understand, Gilroy," said he, "that you are being experimented upon by Miss Penclosa? Well," he went on, when I had acknowledged it, "if I were you, I should not let it go any further. You will think me very impertinent, no doubt; but, none the less, I feel it to be my duty to advise you to have no more to do with her."

Of course I asked him why.

"I am so placed that I cannot enter into particulars as freely as I could wish," said he. "Miss Penclosa is the friend of my friend, and my position is a delicate one. I can only say this, that I have myself been the subject of some of the woman's experiments, and that they have left a most unpleasant impression upon my mind."

He could hardly expect me to be satisfied with that, and I tried hard to get something more definite out of him, but without success. Is it conceivable that he could be jealous at my having superseded him? Or is he one of those men of science who feel personally injured when facts run counter to their preconceived opinions? He cannot seriously suppose that because he has some vague grievance, I am therefore to abandon a series of experiments which promise to be so fruitful of results. He appeared to be annoyed at the light way in which I treated his shadowy warnings, and we parted with some little coldness on both sides.

March 31st.—Mesmerized by Miss P.

April 1st.—Mesmerized by Miss P. (Note-book A.)

April 2d.—Mesmerized by Miss P. (Sphygmographic chart by Professor Wilson.)

April 3d.—It is possible that this course of mesmerism may be a little trying to the general constitution. Agatha says that I am thinner, and darker under the eyes. I am conscious of a nervous irritability which I had not observed

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1977.

in myself before. The least noise, for example, makes me start, and the stupidity of a student causes me exasperation instead of amusement. Agatha wishes me to stop, but I tell her that every course of study is trying, and that one can never attain a result without paying some price for it. When she sees the sensation which my forth-coming paper on "The relation between mind and matter" may make she will understand that it is worth a little nervous wear and tear. I should not be surprised if I got my F.R.S. over it.

Mesmerized again in the evening. The effect is produced more rapidly now, and the subjective visions are less marked. I keep full notes of each sitting. Wilson is leaving for town for a week or ten days, but we shall not interrupt the experiments, which depend for their value as much upon my sensations as on his observations.

April 4th.—I must be carefully on my guard. A complication has crept into our experiments which I had not reckoned upon. In my eagerness for scientific facts, I have been foolishly blind to the human relations between Miss Penclosa and myself. I can write here what I would not breathe to a living soul. The unhappy woman appears to have formed an attachment for me.

I should not say such a thing, even in the privacy of my own intimate journal, if it had not come to such a pass that it is impossible to ignore it. For some time—that is, for the last week—there have been signs which I have brushed aside and refused to think of. Her brightness when I come, her dejection when I go, her eagerness that I should come often, the expression of her eyes, the tone of her voice—I tried to think that they meant nothing, and were perhaps only her ardent West Indian manner. But last night, as I awoke from the mesmeric sleep, I put out my hand, unconsciously, involuntarily, and clasped hers. When I came fully to myself we were sitting with them locked, she looking up at me with an expectant smile. And the horrible thing was that I felt impelled to say what she expected me to say. What a false wretch I should have been! How I should have loathed myself to-day had I yielded to the temptation of that moment! But, thank God, I was strong enough to spring up and hurry from the room. I was rude, I fear, but I could not—no, I *could* not—trust myself another moment. I, a gentleman, a man of honor, engaged to one of the sweetest girls in England—and yet in a moment of reasonless passion I nearly professed love for this woman, whom I hardly know. She is far older than myself, and a cripple. It is monstrous, odious, and yet the impulse was so strong that had I staid another minute in her presence I should have committed myself. What was it? I have to teach others the workings of our organism, and what do I know of it myself? Was it the sudden upcropping of some lower stratum in my nature—a brutal primitive instinct suddenly asserting itself? I could almost believe the tales of obsession by evil spirits, so overmastering was the feeling.

Well, the incident places me in a most unfortunate position. On the one hand, I am very loath to abandon a series of experiments which have already gone so far, and which promise such brilliant results. On the other, if this unhappy woman has conceived a passion for me— But surely even now I must have made some hideous mistake. She, with her age and her deformity! It is impossible. And then she knew about Agatha. She understood how I was placed. She only smiled out of amusement, perhaps, when in my dazed state I seized her hand. It was my half-mesmerized brain which gave it a meaning, and sprang with such bestial swiftness to meet it. I wish I could persuade myself that it was indeed so. On the whole, perhaps, my wisest plan would be to postpone our other experiments until Wilson's return. I have written a note to Miss Penclosa, therefore, making no allusion to last night, but saying that a press of work would cause me to interrupt our sittings for a few days. She has answered, formally enough, to say that if I should change my mind I should find her at home at the usual hour.

10 P. M.—Well, well, what a thing of straw I am! I am coming to know myself better of late, and the more I know, the lower I fall in my own estimation. Surely I was not always so weak as this. At four o'clock I should have smiled had any one told me that I should go to Miss Penclosa's to-night, and yet at eight I was at Wilson's door as usual. I don't know how it occurred. The influence of habit, I suppose. Perhaps there is a mesmeric craze, as there is an opium craze, and I am a victim to it. I only know that as I worked in my study I became more and more uneasy. I fidgeted. I worried. I could not concentrate my mind upon the papers in front of me. And then at last, almost before I knew what I was doing, I seized my hat, and hurried round to keep my usual appointment.

We had an interesting evening. Mrs. Wilson was present during most of the time, which prevented the embarrassment which one at least of us must have felt. Miss Penclosa's manner was quite the same as usual, and she expressed no surprise at my having come in spite of my note. There was nothing in her bearing to show that yesterday's incident had made any impression upon her, and so I am inclined to hope that I overrated it.

April 6th (evening).—No, no, no, I did not overrate it. I can no longer attempt to conceal from myself that this woman has conceived a passion for me. It is monstrous, but it is true. Again to-night I awoke from the mesmeric trance to find my hand in hers, and to suffer that odious feeling which urges me to throw away my honor, my career, everything, for the sake of this creature, who, as I can plainly see when I am away from her influence, possesses no single charm upon earth. But when I am near her I do not feel this. She rouses something in me—something evil—something I had rather not think of. She paralyzes my better nature, too, at the moment when she stimulates my worse. Decidedly it is not good for me to be near her.

Last night was worse than before. Instead of flying, I actually sat for some time with my hand in hers, talking over the most intimate subjects with her. We spoke of Agatha among other things. What could I have been dreaming of? Miss Penclosa said that she was conventional, and I agreed with her. She spoke once or twice in a disparaging way of her, and I did not protest. What a creature I have been!

Weak as I have proved myself to be, I am still strong enough to bring this sort of thing to an end. It shall not happen again. I have sense enough to fly when I cannot fight. From this Sunday night onwards I shall never sit with Miss Penclosa again. Never! Let the experiments go; let the research come to an end; anything is better than facing this monstrous temptation which drags me so low. I have said nothing to Miss Penclosa, but I shall simply stay away. She can tell the reason without any words of mine.

April 7th.—Have staid away as I said. It is a pity to ruin such an interesting investigation, but it would be a greater pity still to ruin my life, and I *know* that I cannot trust myself with that woman.

11 P. M.—God help me! What is the matter with me? Am I going mad? Let me try and be calm and reason with myself. First of all I shall set down exactly what occurred.

It was nearly eight when I wrote the lines with which this day begins. Feeling strangely restless and uneasy, I left my rooms and walked round to spend the evening with Agatha and her mother. They both remarked that I was pale and haggard. About nine Professor Pratt-Haldane came in, and we played a game of whist. I tried hard to concentrate my attention upon the cards, but the feeling of restlessness grew and grew until I found it impossible to struggle against it. I simply *could* not sit still at the table. At last, in the very middle of a hand, I threw my cards down, and with some sort of an incoherent apology about having an appointment, I rushed from the room. As if in a dream, I have a vague recollection of tearing through the hall, snatching my hat from the stand, and slamming the door behind me. As in a dream, too, I have the impression of the double line of gas-lamps, and my bespattered boots tell me that I must have run down the middle of the road. It was all misty and strange and unnatural. I came to Wilson's house; I saw Mrs. Wilson, and I saw Miss Penclosa. I hardly recall what we talked about, but I do remember that Miss P. shook the head of her crutch at me in a playful way, and accused me of being late and of losing interest in our experiments. There was no mesmerism, but I staid some time, and have only just returned.

My brain is quite clear again now, and I can think over what has occurred. It is absurd to suppose that it is merely weakness and force of habit. I tried to explain it in that way the other night, but it will no longer suffice. It is something much deeper and more terrible than that. Why, when I was at the Mardens' whist table I was dragged away as if the noose of a rope had been cast round me. I can no longer disguise it from myself. The woman has her grip upon me. I am in her clutch. But I must keep my head and reason it out, and see what is best to be done.

But what a blind fool I have been! In my enthusiasm over my research I have walked straight into the pit, although it lay gaping before me. Did she not herself warn me? Did she not tell me, as I can read in my own journal, that when she has acquired power over a subject she can make him do her will? And she has acquired that power over me. I am for the moment at the beck and call of this creature with the crutch. I must come when she wills it. I must do as she wills. Worst of all, I must feel as she wills. I loathe her and fear her, yet while I am under the spell she can doubtless make me love her.

There is some consolation in the thought, then, that those odious impulses for which I have blamed myself do not really come from me at all. They are all transferred from her, little as I could have guessed it at the time. I feel cleaner and lighter for the thought.

April 8th. Yes, now in broad daylight, writing coolly and with time for reflection, I am compelled to confirm everything which I find in my journal of last night. I am in a horrible position; but, above all, I must not lose my head. I must pit my intellect against her powers. After all, I am no silly puppet to dance at the end of a string. I have energy, brains, courage. For all her devil's tricks I may beat her yet. May! I *must*, or what is to become of me?

Let me try to reason it out. This woman, by her own explanation, can dominate my nervous organism. She can project herself into my body and take command of it. She has a parasite soul—yes, she is a parasite, a monstrous parasite. She creeps into my frame as the hermit-crab does into the whelk's shell. I am powerless. What can I do? I am dealing with forces of which I know nothing. And I can tell no one of my trouble. They would set me down as a madman. Certainly if it got noised abroad, the university would say that they had no need of a devil-ridden professor. And Agatha! No, no; I must face it alone.

I read over my notes of what the woman said when she spoke about her powers. There is one point which fills me with dismay. She implies that when the influence is slight the subject knows what he is doing, but cannot control himself, whereas when it is strongly exerted he is absolutely unconscious. Now I have always known what I did, though less so last night than on the previous occasion. That seems to mean that she has never yet exerted her full powers upon me. Was ever a man so placed before?

Yes, perhaps there was, and very near me, too. Charles Sadler must know something of this. His vague words of warning take a meaning now. Oh, if I had only listened to him then before I helped by these repeated sittings to forge the links of the chain which binds me! But I will see him to-day. I will apologize to him for having treated his warning so lightly. I will see if he can advise me.

4 P. M.—No, he cannot. I have talked with him, and he showed such surprise at the first words in which I tried to express my unspeakable secret that I went no further. As far as I can gather—by hints and inferences rather than by any statement—his own experience was limited to some words or looks such as I have myself endured. His abandonment of Miss Penclosa is in itself a sign that he was never really in her toils. Oh, if he only knew his escape! He has to thank his phlegmatic Saxon temperament for it. I am black and Celtic, and this hag's clutch is deep in my nerves. Shall I ever get it out? Shall I ever be the same man that I was just one short fortnight ago?

Let me consider what I had better do. I cannot leave the university in the middle of the term. If I were free, my course would be obvious. I should start at once and travel in Persia. But would she allow me to start? And could her influence not reach me in Persia, and bring me back to within touch of her crutch? I can only find out the limits of this hellish power by my own bitter experience. I will fight and fight and fight—and what can I do more?

I know very well that about eight o'clock to-night that craving for her society—that irresistible restlessness—will come upon me. How shall I overcome it? What shall I do? I must make it impossible for me to leave the room. I shall lock the door and throw the key out of the window. But then what am I to do in the morning? Never mind about the morning. I must at all costs break this chain which holds me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ELECTIONS FOR STATE GOVERNORS.

On the 6th of November twenty-one States elected Governors. The Republicans carried every State in which ordinarily they have a show, except California. In California, though the business depression from which the whole country has suffered for fifteen months past has been felt very seriously, the Democratic candidate was successful. In other States, such as Connecticut and New York, usually considered safely Democratic, the Republicans carried everything before them. In Delaware, a Democratic State, the Republican candidate was elected; and in Tennessee, a part of what has long been called the Solid South, the Democratic candidate was defeated. Indeed, Texas, South Carolina, and California are the only States in which the Democrats have won, and in two of these States Democratic success was a foregone conclusion. In Michigan, when this paper went to press, the Republicans claimed that they had carried every seat in both branches of the Legislature, and had elected a solid Republican delegation to Congress. In the States where only minor State officers and Congressmen were chosen the elections were of the same tenor, the Republicans having such enormous gains that in many instances, notably in Missouri and Maryland, districts were carried in which hitherto contests by the Republicans were scarcely thought to be worth while. This year will no doubt long be spoken of as that of the great Republican tidal wave.

NEW YORK.

In New York the entire State Republican ticket was elected, and the Republican candidate for Governor came within 2500 votes of carrying the great city of New York, which was a closer vote than ever before polled in favor of a Republican candidate for either President or Governor. The plurality of the Governor-elect is more than 150,000 in the State. The State Legislature has been carried by the Republicans, and several Congressional districts hitherto regarded as safely Democratic have been carried by the Republicans. Senator Hill, the Democratic candidate, was beaten by a heavier vote than any other man on his ticket. The vote polled for Mr. Everett P. Wheeler, though it was not large enough to change the general result, was of a character to indicate that the independents cannot be safely trifled with. Mr. Levi P. Morton, the successful candidate for Governor, is so well known that anything more than an outline sketch of his life is not now called for. If it were not for his age it is not improbable that he might be called upon to take upon himself even higher responsibilities than that of Chief Executive of the Empire State.

Mr. Morton is a native of Vermont, and is seventy years old. He is of Puritan ancestry, and his father was a Congregational minister. He received a rudimentary education in a common school, and began his business life at sixteen as a clerk in a cross-roads country store, where goods were generally bartered for country produce, and sales for cash were the exceptions. Before he was of age he moved to Hanover, in New Hampshire, where he kept a general store, and had much prosperity. His ambitions inclined him to seek a larger field of enterprise, so when he was twenty-five he became a member of the Boston firm of Beebe, Morgan, & Co. In 1854 he moved to New York, and established the great dry-goods house of Morton & Grinnell. This firm failed in the beginning of the war, but a few years later Mr. Morton paid all of his indebtedness in full, with interest. In 1863 he established the present banking firm of Morton, Bliss, & Co., and later that of Morton, Rose, & Co., of London. His London firm was for ten years the fiscal agent of the United States in Europe. Mr. Morton in his business ventures has prospered most abundantly for thirty years past, and he is now considered one of the very rich men of the country. As a merchant and a banker he has always stood very high among his business contemporaries, and his firms have conducted successfully some of the largest negotiations in this era of big business ventures.

Mr. Morton has been a Republican since the founding of the party, but he took no active part in politics till 1876, when he ran for Congress and was defeated; two years later he ran again in the same district, and was elected. He was re-elected in 1880. When General Garfield was nominated for President, Mr. Morton might have been placed on the ticket in place of General Arthur, but declined. General Garfield, when President, offered him the choice of two offices—Secretary of the Navy and Minister to France. He chose the latter, and served in Paris as American Minister for four years. He made a dignified and successful representative of American interests, and succeeded in securing the amelioration of the harsh restrictive regulations in France against American pork. In 1885 he was a candidate for the United States Senate, but was defeated by William M. Evarts; in 1887 he was again a candidate for the Senate, this time being defeated by Frank Hiscock. In 1888 he was nominated on the ticket with General Harrison for Vice-President, and was elected. As presiding officer of the Senate he was able and dignified, and in the trying office which he held he managed to be a personage in Washington life without exciting the animosities which are not unusual between the President of the United States and his understudy. When General Harrison was nominated for the second time Mr. Morton was left off the ticket, Mr. Whitelaw Reid being placed in his stead. This was probably lucky for Mr. Morton, though he did not consider that it was so at the time. After his retirement from the Vice-Presidency he went to Europe, and staid there till just before the meeting of the Republican Convention which put him in nomination. There appeared to be a very general demand from all parts of the State that he should be his party's standard-bearer in the election which is just over. Mr. Platt was non-committal as to his choice until he had talked with Mr. Morton and looked him over. Then he announced his choice, and the chances of the other candidates for the nomination vanished in thin air, as the total opposition out of 732 votes cast in the Convention was only 199½.

Mr. Morton has been twice married, and now has a young and charming family. He is tall and well built, with an amiable expression, and blue eyes that twinkle easily with merriment. He carries his years with ease, and enjoys the good health which comes with a sturdy constitution preserved by correct living.

CONNECTICUT.

In important elections Connecticut is always looked upon as a doubtful State. The Democrats have carried it very frequently in recent years. At this election, however, the Republicans have carried everything before them, the entire State ticket having been elected by unprecedented majorities, and all of the four Congressional districts carried. An idea of the magnitude of the change in votes may be gathered from the election in New Haven, which is usually Democratic by from 3000 to 4000, but which went Republican this time by 3000 majority. Both Houses of the State Legislature are Republican. The Governor-elect, Mr. O. Vincent Coffin, is a native of the State of New York, having been born on a farm in Dutchess County in 1836. While working on his father's farm he went to the common school of his neighborhood, and of this school he himself became the teacher when he was sixteen. Before he had reached manhood he took the agency of a Connecticut manufactory in New York, and continued in this position till 1864, when he moved to Middletown, of which he has since been a resident. In this town he has long held prominent positions, being Mayor for two terms, and twice representing the district in the State Senate. He has been president of these organizations: the Middlesex Mutual Assurance Company, the Middlesex Agricultural Society, and the Young Men's Christian Association. The laws of Connecticut require that there shall be a majority to elect a State officer. It has therefore frequently been the case that elections have been thrown into the Legislature. This time there will be no such necessity, as Mr. Coffin received more votes than Mr. Cady (Democrat) and Mr. Pond (Prohibitionist) together.

COLORADO.

The Populists have been having their own way in Colorado for the past little while, but in the recent election there was no coalition with either of the old parties, and consequently there were three tickets in the field, with the present weak and erratic Governor, Davis H. Waite, as the Populist candidate for re-election. The canvass was the most exciting in the history of the State, and men, women, and children were active participants in the campaign. When the polls closed on the 6th of November both Populists and Republicans claimed a victory. But the delayed returns showed that Colorado had been won from the ignorant and fanatical enthusiasts who have for several years made the administration of the State laws contemptible in the eyes of all sane and sensible men. Mr. Albert W. McIntire, the successful Republican candidate for Governor, is a man of education and a lawyer of experience and learning, so those who during Waite's term have been inclined to feel hopeless may now take heart of grace. Mr. McIntire is a native of Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, where his father was engaged in the transportation of coal by boats down the Ohio River. He was graduated from Yale College in 1873, and from the Yale Law School in 1875. He has been in Colorado twelve or fifteen years, and has practised his profession successfully, though he has also been at the same time a farmer and ranchman in the San Luis Valley, along the Conejos River. He has for several years been judge of a court of record in his home county. In the campaign Mr. McIntire, while on a tour of the mountain districts, reached one place in such a state of exhaustion that he went to bed instead of going to the place where he was engaged to speak. The Populists promptly reported that the Republican candidate was too drunk to talk. When Mr. McIntire heard this he at once hurried to the meeting, and spoke earnestly and vigorously for half an hour. When he had finished he fainted from illness, and did not recover consciousness for several hours.

NEBRASKA.

In Nebraska the Republican State ticket, with the exception of the candidate for Governor, was elected. Mr. "Tom" Majors, the Republican candidate, ran behind his ticket on account of opposition to him in his own party. Mr. Majors, when a member of Congress, did things which did not meet with the approval of the more scrupulous of his party associates. Indeed, one of them, Mr. Rosewater, resigned from the State Committee because he could not support Mr. Majors. Mr. Silas A. Holcomb, the fusion candidate elected, has always been a Democrat. He is a lawyer and farmer, and has been charged in this canvass with having acted as the attorney for the Burlington and Missouri Railroad, and this has been pressed against him as though such a professional engagement was criminal. He is considered, however, to be a man of ability, and not likely to go to extremes in compensation for Populist support.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Tillmanites have carried South Carolina against the old-fashioned Democrats, and therefore it is to be expected that General Butler will be defeated for the United States Senate. The Tillmanite candidate for Governor, John Gary Evans, was elected without any considerable opposition. He is one of the youngest men ever called to be Governor of an American State, as he is only a trifle more than thirty years old. Hitherto his chief claim to distinction was in the authorship of the remarkable "State Dispensary Law," under which South Carolina went into the retail liquor business. In the administration of this law, previous to the declaration by the highest court of the State that it was unconstitutional, there were murders and riots and a disgraceful condition of general disorder. Mr. Evans was graduated from Union College in 1883, and was admitted to the bar in 1885. He practised his profession at Aiken, and was elected to the State Legislature in 1888. When Mr. Irby was sent to the United States Senate Mr. Evans aspired to succeed to the Speakership of the House, but in this ambition he was defeated. In the next election he was sent to the State Senate.

KANSAS.

There were four candidates for the Governorship of Kansas, to succeed the present incumbent, Mr. Lewelling, who has divided the honors with Mr. Waite of Colorado for strange disregard of the law in a desire to carry out the policies of the Populist party. Mr. Lewelling was a candidate for re-election, but he has been badly beaten by the Republican candidate, Major Edmund N. Morrill. Mr. Morrill is not an old man, as he was born in 1834, but still he is an "old timer" in Kansas, as he went there from Maine, his native State, in the turbulent days of 1856, when that much-vexed territory was called "bleeding Kansas." He was a Republican and Abolitionist, and was a member of the first Free-soil Legislature. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted in the Seventh Kansas Cavalry, of which at the close of the war he was Major. When he returned to his home he turned his attention to real estate and banking, and in his business ventures he has been successful. From 1872 to 1876 he was in the State Senate, and in 1882 he was elected to Congress from the State at large. In the next three Congresses he represented the First Kansas District, and then declined a renomination. He was a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor in 1892, but was defeated by Mr. Smith, who was beaten at the polls by Governor Lewelling. Major Morrill has been uncompromising in his opposition to the Populist movement, which has partaken more of the nature of a craze in Kansas than in any other State.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Republican State ticket in Pennsylvania is elected by a plurality which will not, when the whole vote is counted, fall far short of two hundred thousand. The successful candidate for Governor is General Daniel Hartman Hastings, a native of the State, and now in his forty-sixth year. He was principal of the Bellport High-School for eight years, and for nearly twenty years has been an officer in the Pennsylvania National Guard. During the railroad riots of 1877 he served on the staff of General Beaver, who commanded a division of State troops. When General Beaver became Governor he appointed General Hastings Adjutant-General of the State, and in this office he had general supervision of Johnstown after the great and disastrous flood there. The efficiency of his administration in this emergency brought him into general notice, and he was a candidate for the nomination for Governor in 1890. The choice, at Senator Quay's dictation, fell on Mr. Delamater, who was badly beaten by Governor Pattison.

CALIFORNIA.

The election in California was close, there being three tickets in the field—Democratic, Republican, and Populist. The Democratic candidate, Mr. James H. Budd, was elected by a small plurality. Mr. Budd, who is forty-three years old, is a native of Wisconsin, but was taken by his parents to California when he was six years old. He was graduated from the Berkeley University in 1873, and then studied law. He was a United States Commissioner for many years, and also served a term as deputy assistant attorney for San Joaquin County. In 1882 he was nominated for Congress, and, to the surprise of many, defeated Horace F. Page by an overwhelming majority. His canvass for Congress was in many regards peculiar, and is generally spoken of on the Pacific slope as the "buckboard campaign." In California Mr. Budd is called, by political friends and foes, "Jim" Budd. His competitors at the recent election were M. M. Estee, Republican, and J. V. Webster, Populist.

DELAWARE.

Delaware is usually counted as surely Democratic, but it has now gone Republican, and the Legislature, on joint ballot, will stand 12 Democrats and 16 Republicans. This assures a Republican successor to Senator Higgins. The Republican Governor-elect is Mr. Joshua A. Marvil, a business man of Laurel, in Sussex County, where he was born in 1825. Mr. Marvil went to sea in his youth, and after several voyages became a ship-builder. Then he became a maker of agricultural machinery. Later he became a maker of peach-baskets, and in this business he has amassed a very considerable fortune. Mr. Marvil has never held political office. Before the war he was a Democrat, but, being a Union man, he joined the Republican party, with which he has since voted. He was nominated as the candidate of his party by acclamation. His large business dealings with the peach-growers had made him very favorably known in the country sections, and his generosity to the poor had made him popular in the cities. His opponent was Mr. Ebe W. Tunnel.

TEXAS.

The Democrats did not fail to elect their State ticket in Texas, but the Populists cast a very heavy vote, and in several Congressional districts they were successful. The Governor-elect, Mr. Charles A. Culberson, is a young man, and his choice is specially notable from the fact that he has no war record, being too young to have taken part in the rebellion. He is a son of David B. Culberson, long known as a member of Congress from Texas, and as a lawyer of much learning. The son was born in Alabama forty years ago, but has spent pretty nearly all his life in Texas, where he was educated in the common schools and at the high-school at Gilmer. Later he was a student at the Virginia Military Institute, and then took the law course at the University of Virginia. He entered his father's law office after his graduation, and was admitted to practice at the bar of Texas. He at once took an active part in politics, and in 1880 was elected Attorney of Madison County. He is now serving his second term as Attorney-General of his State.

WISCONSIN.

The candidates for Governor in Wisconsin were the present incumbent, George W. Peck, Democrat, J. G. Cleghorn, Prohibitionist, and Major W. H. Upham, Republican. The Republican candidate and the whole of his ticket were elected. Mr. Peck's election to the office he now holds was looked upon in the nature of a joke, as his chief claim to fame was due to his authorship of the humorously vulgar book, *Peck's Bad Boy*. He, however, took himself seriously, and the Democrats appear to have humored him in this, as he was put up for re-election. All of the ten Congressional districts were carried by the Republicans.

TENNESSEE.

Tennessee has gone Republican for the first time since the days of reconstruction. Mr. Henry Clay Evans has beaten the present Governor, Judge Peter Turney, the Democratic candidate, by a safe majority. Mr. Evans is a native of Pennsylvania, but was reared and educated in Wisconsin. During the war he was a soldier in a Wisconsin regiment. When he was mustered out in 1864 he settled in Chattanooga, Tennessee, where he has since lived. He has held local offices, and has been twice Mayor of his city. He was elected to the Fifty-first Congress, and was a candidate again in 1890. When he was nominated for Governor the Democratic paper in his town said that though he was a man of force and brains, he had no more chance of election than he has to "put in succession for the imperial throne of Germany."

MASSACHUSETTS.

In Massachusetts the election was a repetition of that of last year, as the same candidates for Governor were in the field. But this year the Republican candidate for re-election, Mr. Frederic T. Greenhalge, beat Mr. John E. Russell worse than he did before. Mr. Greenhalge's plurality was greater by 10,000 votes than in the year before. At the convention he was placed in nomination by Senator Lodge, and chosen by acclamation.

MICHIGAN.

Governor John T. Rich, the present incumbent, has been re-elected Governor of Michigan over Mr. Spencer O. Fisher, the Democratic candidate, by a greatly increased plurality, estimated, when this was written, at more than 80,000. All of the twelve Republican candidates for Congress were elected. The Legislature, which is to elect two Senators, is overwhelmingly Republican; indeed, it is claimed by the Republicans to belong to them unanimously.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

In South Dakota Governor C. H. Sheldon, the Republican candidate, has been re-elected, beating Mr. Ward, the Democrat, and Mr. Alexander, the Prohibitionist. The State Legislature will be Republican by a large majority.

MINNESOTA.

Governor Knute Nelson has been re-elected in Minnesota by the Republicans, his plurality being in the neighborhood of 50,000. There was a Democratic-Populist fusion on Mr. Willis for justice of the Supreme Court, but the Republican candidate was successful by 20,000 votes. All of the seven Congressmen elected are Republicans, and on joint ballot the Legislature is Republican by 92 votes over the Democrats and Populists combined.

NORTH DAKOTA.

In North Dakota the present Governor, Mr. Shortridge, was elected by the Populists. In this election the Populists did not succeed in effecting a fusion with either of the old tickets, and the Republican candidate, Mr. Roger Allin, has been elected by 12,000 plurality. The Legislature is also strongly Republican.

IDAHO.

The Republican State ticket in Idaho, at the head of which was Mr. W. J. McConnell, has been elected. The Republican candidate for Congress was chosen, and the Legislature will have a Republican majority on joint ballot of twenty. This, it is thought, assures the re-election of Senator Shoup.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

In New Hampshire the Republicans have secured larger majorities than those usual in late years, and their candidate for Governor, Mr. Charles A. Busiel, has been elected over his opponent, Mr. Henry O. Kent, Democrat.

WYOMING.

The returns from Wyoming show that Mr. W. A. Richards, the Republican candidate for Governor, has been elected over his Democratic competitor, Mr. W. H. Holliday, by 1500 majority. The Republican candidate for Congress was elected by a majority of 2000. The Legislature in joint session has 55 members; 39 of these are Republicans, and the two United States Senators to be elected in the place of Senators Warren and Carey will undoubtedly be Republican.

NEVADA.

In Nevada the election was so close that when this paper went to press no decision had been reached. There were five candidates in the field—Republican, two Democrats, Populist, and Silver. The race was really between the Republican candidate, A. C. Cleveland, and the Silver candidate, J. E. Jones.

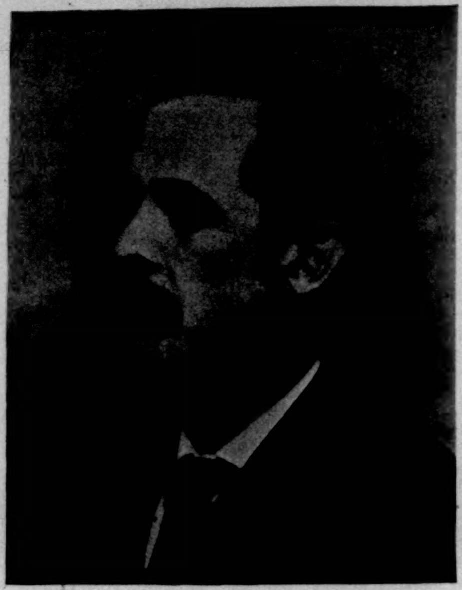
MR. WILSON'S DEFEAT IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Mr. William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, who framed the tariff bill, the emasculation of which in the Senate by the majority under the leadership of Senators Gorman and Brice has brought such disaster upon the Democratic party, has himself been defeated for re-election. The men who have framed tariff bills in recent years have usually had a hard time in their immediate future. Mr. Morrison of Illinois, after passing his bill through the House, was defeated before his constituents; Mr. Mills of Texas, with his bill, stirred up so much enmity within his party that he failed to secure the Speakership of the House; Mr. McKinley of Ohio passed his bill through both Houses of Congress, and was then defeated for re-election at the polls by Mr. Warwick. The man who defeated Mr. Wilson is known scarcely at all outside of his own neighborhood. His name is Ashton G. Dayton, and he lives at Philippi. He is about forty years old, and is by profession a lawyer. On the stump, and in a personal canvass among the people with whom he has always lived, he is quite formidable. He knows what to say to such people, and how to say it. For instance, when Mr. Wilson was travelling for his health this summer, and was entertained in London, Mr. Dayton was busily at work among the people. When he was asked where Mr. Wilson was, he replied: "He is dining with his friends in England. I am dining at home with mine." Then he told about the dinner given to Mr. Wilson by the merchants in London. These methods were cheap, but they proved effective when they had the practical aid of the rich corporations presided over by ex-Senator Davis, the father-in-law of Mr. Stephen B. Elkins. The West Virginia Legislature is Republican, and it is not unlikely that Mr. Elkins will succeed Mr. Camden in the United States Senate.

THE SENATOR-ELECT FROM GEORGIA.

Mr. Patrick Walsh was appointed United States Senator by Governor Northern, of Georgia, when Senator Colquitt died last year. He has just been chosen by the Democrats of the Georgia Legislature to fill out the term which ends the 4th of next March. For the long term Major Augustus O. Bacon, of Macon, has been chosen. Major Bacon, who is in his fifty-sixth year, has long been well known in his native State, as he has been prominent in State politics ever since the war. He was graduated from the University of Georgia in 1858, and was admitted to the bar in 1860. When the war began he went out as Adjutant of a Georgia regiment, and returned at the close of hostilities as a Major. He at once began the practice of his profession in Macon, and soon took a prominent place at the bar. He went to the State Legislature when he was quite young, and in his second term was elected Speaker. He was repeatedly elected to this office, and won the reputation of being the most accomplished and self-possessed parliamentarian ever known in Georgia. He was repeatedly pressed by his friends for the Governorship. Twice he was beaten in the nominating convention, and once before the people he was defeated by General Gordon.

LEVI P. MORTON,
Governor-Elect of New York.



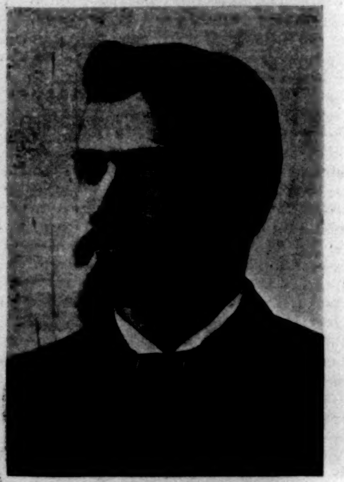
ASHTON G. DAYTON, OF WEST VIRGINIA,
Who defeated William L. Wilson for Congress.

O. A. BACON,
United States Senator-Elect from Georgia.

JAMES H. BUDD,
Governor-Elect of California.

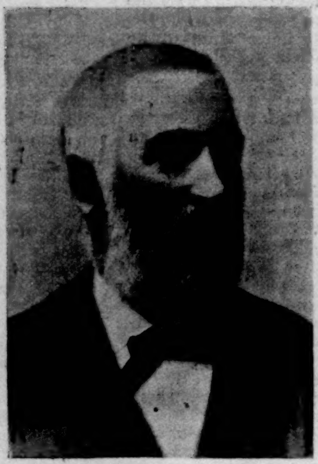
SILAS A. HOLCOMB,
Governor-Elect of Nebraska.

KNUTE NELSON,
Governor-Re-elect of Minnesota.

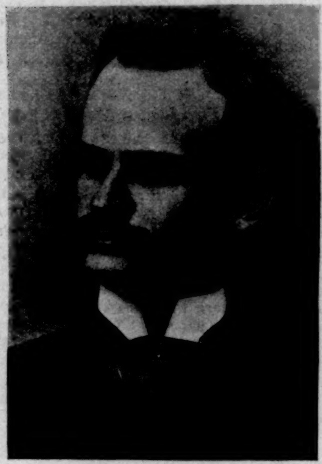


H. CLAY EVANS,
Governor-Elect of Tennessee.

W. H. UPHAM,
Governor-Elect of Wisconsin.



MAJOR EDMUND N. MORRILL,
Governor-Elect of Kansas.



JOHN GARY EVANS,
Governor-Elect of South Carolina.
From a Photograph by Reckling.

JOHN T. RICH,
Governor-Re-elect of Michigan.

O. VINCENT COFFIN,
Governor-Elect of Connecticut.

A. W. McINTIRE,
Governor-Elect of Colorado.

J. H. MARVIL,
Governor-Elect of Delaware.

GENERAL D. H. HASTINGS,
Governor-Elect of Pennsylvania.
From a Photograph by Gutekunst.

SOME OF THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES IN THE RECENT ELECTIONS.—[See Page 1086.]

THE TAMMANY TIGER CAGED—NOW KEEP HIM THERE!

MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

Of all the gallant officers who, entering the volunteer service during the war of the rebellion, joined the regular army at its close, no one has attained the fame and distinction of Major-General Miles. Terry, the only one to reach an equal-rank, was already so enfeebled that he served but a short time after his promotion to the double stars, and seeking relief from duty, speedily drooped and died, and entered into his eternal rest. Miles, despite his wounds and scars, rose to his military reward in the prime of a vigorous, energetic, and eventful life, and now, by the retirement of General Howard, stands only one file removed from the generalship-in-chief. That he may, and probably will, be called to the head of the army when General Schofield retires in 1895 is a foregone conclusion.

Twenty-one years old when Massachusetts sent her first regiments in answer to the call of April, 1861, Nelson A. Miles seemed to lose little time in dropping the shop and drawing the sword. A born soldier—a natural soldier—a young man whom other men instinctively looked up to and obeyed, he was elected Captain of his company, and mustered into the volunteer service with the Twenty-second Massachusetts Infantry early in September of the opening year. Eager, ambitious, and conscious of his powers, he probably chafed at the signs of slow promotion there. Another State saw the soldier stuff in him, and tempted him away from the Massachusetts line with the silver leaves of a Lieutenant-Colonel. The Sixty-first New York got him just after Fair Oaks, swore by him and stood by him at Antietam, hailed him as their Colonel when at last McClellan pushed forward on the trail of Lee, fought valiantly under him in the very hottest and thickest of the bloody and fruitless battle of Fredericksburg, stood by him again magnificently at Chancellorsville, where, shot through and through, he held on to a vitally important line with a tenacity that won for him about the only lavish praise accorded to any commander in that ill-starred affair. The Chancellorsville wound was pronounced fatal at first, and his men had to fight without him at Gettysburg—about the only battle he ever missed. But Miles had more lives than a cat, and was leading a brigade again at Spottsylvania, won the yellow sash by the time they reached the James, and then the way he fought his division through the terrible winter about Petersburg, especially at Reams Station, is part of the history of the Army of the Potomac that even his detractors cannot belittle. The President and Senate made him a Major-General of Volunteers for his gallantry and good conduct during that hammer-and-tongs campaign, and never mustered him out of the volunteer service until, as Colonel of the Fortieth Regular Infantry, in July, 1866, he had been safely included in the permanent establishment. Only two volunteer officers at that time were accorded higher grade—Terry and Rousseau, who had been named Brigadiers. Miles stood by the new Fortieth until the reorganization began in 1869, and then, keeping his eyes wide open as usual, he was jumped to the command of the proud old Fifth Infantry.

From this day on for ten long years Miles and the Fifth went forward hand in hand. No regimental leader had ever more loyal support, no regiment a more energetic leader. Despite the three wounds of the war days, he seemed fuming for active service, and the Kiowas and Comanches gave him his first good chance at battling against the red men. With the "Fifth Foot" as his main backers, and a force of cavalry, he launched out into the Panhandle of Texas, and made 1874 a memorable year for the warriors of the Southern plains. Then the grand uprising of the Sioux in 1876 called him and his sturdy regiment to the far Northwest, and to campaign after campaign, most of them in the dead of winter and in the sharpest cold, and here he and his men won a name for relentless fight and pursuit that broke the spirit of the proudest and fiercest of the hostile chieftains. They drove Sitting Bull into the British possessions, and let him back only when starved into surrender. They dogged and harried Lame Deer, Spotted Eagle, and other intractable leaders until their villages were swept from the face of the earth. Not a hostile camp could live even in the then wild region of the Tongue and Powder rivers, for Miles gave them no rest. In 1877, when Chief Joseph with his hounded band of Nez-Percés had fought and dodged his way half across the continent, a whole brigade in chase, Miles made a wonderful leap to the front, and pinned and held him, sending back the characteristic message, "We've had our usual luck," as indeed they had, for one day more would have landed the Indians safe on English soil. In 1878 he smote the Bannocks on the upper Yellowstone, and in 1880 bade good-by to his enthusiastic "Pony Soldiers" of the Fifth—for he had long since mounted his regiment on the captured herds—and wound up his decade of service at their head by donning once more the silver star and sash, a Brigadier-General, this time, in the regular army. For a while he commanded the Department of the Columbia, and then came back to his old love, the Missouri. In 1886, in the words of the soldier song, he

"was sint to Arizona fur to fight the Injuns there"

—the worst on the continent, too, and harder to catch than the Irishman's flea. With Mexico and the Sierras for their hiding-place, the Chiricahuas had been able to trick the troops for years. Even General Crook, who had long before thoroughly whipped and subjugated the Apaches, later found this little band of Geronimo's worse than all the rest put together. No man ever knew the Indians better than did he—the Gray Fox—but the authorities of the War Department demanded that the campaign be conducted contrary to his ideas, and on his finally asking to be relieved, sent General Miles to complete the task which Crook had well begun. It took this accomplished fighter but little time to find out that the Washington methods would not work. Washington was luckily far away, and the next thing heard of the Indians, long a terror to the people of Arizona, they were being spirited off by rail to Florida as prisoners of war, but with his pledge that their lives should be spared. Arizona was delighted, though there seems reason to believe that Washington was not. The magnificent sword presented General Miles by the grateful Territorians outweighed any possible adverse criticism, and the thanks of the Legislatures of Kansas, Montana, New Mexico, and Arizona served to smooth the wrinkled front of what was said to be just then a grim-visaged War Department. At all events, the Indians were gone and the question settled.

One more stirring campaign had the General—the winter struggle of 1890 with the "ghost-dancers" of the Sioux, and here too, as everywhere, victory perched upon his banners. On March 21st of that year the sudden and lamented death of General Crook made a vacancy among the Major-Generals, which President Harrison promptly filled by the promotion of the senior Brigadier, and the Massachusetts Captain of 1861 received the commission of the highest grade in the army of to-day. For over three years he has held command, with Chicago as headquarters, and his most recent and conspicuous service was in the suppression of the riots inspired by the strike of the American Railway Union.

Brave and brilliant as a soldier, with a fighting record second to none, suave and courteous in manner, yet emphatically "set" in his ways, possessing the faculty of doing an immense amount of hard work himself and getting it out of everybody else, a capital campaigner, a daring horseman, a model of manly strength, activity, and grace, as handsome a picture of "the prime of life" as man or woman might wish to see, the General carries with him, like Marlborough, the halo of an unbroken line of daring achievement, of stubborn fight, of success and victory. His commanding figure will much be missed in the pageants of the Western metropolis, but it will not be long before among regulars and guardsmen of the Atlantic seaboard and the crowded thoroughfares of Gotham the hero of over thirty years of gallant and distinguished service, such as has fallen to the lot of but few in our army, will be as much at home, as well-known and honored here, as in the land of the West.

Charles King, Capt. U.S.A.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. William L. Strong, who has just been elected Mayor of New York, recognizes as thoroughly as any one else that this victory over Tammany Hall is not a personal triumph, but a triumph for what he stands for and the ideas of municipal government which he represents. Mr. Strong's own character as a man and as a merchant is the best guarantee that the public can have that he will, so far as he can in his administration, carry out long-cherished ideas of reform, and give to the city the same kind of business management that he employs in his own affairs and the affairs of the great bank of which he is president. Therefore it is interesting to know something of the personality and career of this man from whom so much is hoped.

Mr. Strong is a fine type of the successful American merchant—self-made and self-reliant, public-spirited and generous, clear-headed and enterprising. There is nothing old-fashioned about him, unless it be old-fashioned to be honest and to be plain in living and in speech. Coming to New York forty-one years ago, he has spent the whole of his manhood in the metropolis, and in its business circles for more than twenty years he has been a personage—a man whose name gave a significance of solvency to any enterprise in which he embarked, to any corporation with which he connected himself. He has never been an active politician, though always a zealous Republican. His Republicanism, however, has no more to do with the office which he will assume on the 1st of January than it has had with his management of the Central National Bank—that is, nothing at all. As a public speaker Mr. Strong reminds one of General Grant, as his portrait also suggests that silent but forceful man.

Mr. George Frederic Watts, the English artist, takes the difficulties that have attended the disposition of his picture, "Love and Life," serenely and in very good part. He might have interpreted the hesitation about hanging the picture in the White House as a disparagement of his gift, but he views the situation much more dispassionately than most outsiders who have discussed it. The painting, he said (to a representative of the New York *Herald*), is essentially a gallery picture, and though, after consultation with the American embassy in London, he accepted the arrangement that it should hang temporarily in the White House, he never thought of it, otherwise, as hanging in any dwelling-house whatever. He does not attempt to prescribe where it shall go, but seems content to believe that it will find the home that suits it best.

Mr. Watts's very gracious and sensible attitude will make his gift more appreciated than ever. The hitch about the picture's home seems really due to the fact that we have no national gallery. The White House is national, but not a gallery. The Metropolitan Museum is a gallery, but it is not national. Neither is the Corcoran Gallery national, but if the picture is to stay in Washington the Corcoran Gallery seems the best place for it. Inasmuch, however, as the picture is earnestly desired by the Metropolitan Museum, and Mr. Watts is content to have it hang there, it is to be hoped that New York may get it.

When a librarian is wanted anywhere, the usual course is to telegraph to Boston, and have one forwarded. It is understood that Boston always has librarians in stock, and will fill orders promptly, according to the size and income of the library concerned, satisfaction being guaranteed in every case. But when the trustees of the Newberry Library in Chicago found themselves obliged to find a successor to Librarian Poole, instead of following the usual simple method, they stopped to look around. Chicago being a central place, they looked all ways, and, strange to tell, spied their man not in Boston at all, but at the other extremity of the American creation.

Mr. John Vance Cheney, who is to succeed Dr. Poole, has been Public Librarian of San Francisco for eight years, but is best known to the general public as a poet. San Francisco, as her sentiments are expressed by the *Argonaut*, is very sorry to lose him, but proud that he should have been chosen. If Mr. Cheney likes being a librarian, he is fortunate in being the prospective head of one of the most promising libraries in the country. The Newberry Library was planned on a great scale, has been discreetly managed thus far, and has ample funds for its development, and a great population to use its books. More than that no librarian can ask.

Everybody remembers, or ought to remember, Sindbad the Sailor's story, in the *Arabian Nights*, of the magnetic mountain that drew the nails out of the ships that approached it, and filled the adjacent waters with ship-building materials and swimming sailor-men. Generations of readers have doubted whether it was a true story, but something very like it is coming true nowadays, and no farther away than Willetts Point. Some time ago Colonel W. R. King, of the engineers, who is in command there, thought he would make himself a magnet. He took two very big guns, a lot of iron and iron chains, and several miles of heavy insulated telegraph wire, and put them together so as to make a horseshoe magnet. The result was extraordinary. The pull of the magnet thus constructed far exceeded any pull in the neighborhood of New York, except possibly Richard Croker's. When the electricity is turned on, Colonel King's magnet picks up iron rails with the same ease that ordinary magnets pick up shingle-nails, while ordinary small bits of iron, such as spikes and horseshoes, jump to it from a distance of fifteen or twenty feet. As an experiment it has proved extremely interesting, and besides that has developed a curious ability as a war-machine, since it is found to derange the compasses of vessels as much as six miles away. With an enemy's fleet trying to pass Willetts Point in a fog, the ability to give the hostile vessels the wrong steer might be very useful.

The decision of the Park Board to ask the help of Mr. Olmsted in making the Speedway beautiful is a welcome case of better late than never. With so much of the Speedway as has already been built Mr. Olmsted will do the best possible, and what remains to be located he will be able to place where it ought to go.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore, as is well known, is a market-gardener by trade, and writes his novels in his spare time. He lately stirred up a protracted discussion in the London *Times* by a letter to that journal wherein he deplored the condition of the contemporary British fruit-grower, and divulged the painful news that only twice within forty years of fruit-growing had he been able to make both ends meet. He can raise fruit galore, but cannot get a great enough price for it to make its cultivation pay. This year, he said, hundreds of bushels of pears have lain on the ground under his trees because at two and six a bushel it did not pay to carry them to market, and yet the retail price of pears in some parts of London has been as high as fourpence a pear.

A Covent Garden market-man, who was one of a large number of respondents to Mr. Blackmore's complaints, insisted that the reason Mr. Blackmore's large pears lay on the ground was because they were wormy. At a time, he declared, when the best British pears were bringing four shillings a bushel, he was selling thousands of forty-pound cases of California pears at from ten to fourteen shillings a case. He is afraid Mr. Blackmore and the other British growers do not take pains enough to keep the bugs off from their trees, and commends the care with which American and Australian growers attend to that part of their business.

Of course Mr. Blackmore does not admit that his fruit is wormy. He admitted nothing except that fruit-raising in England does not pay, and having started the discussion, let it rage itself out. But we cannot think of him any more as a prosperous fruit-grower who writes novels in his spare time.

The Brookline Country Club has been reported to the police for permitting golf to be played on its grounds on Sunday. There has been no new game these many years so fit to incite one to Sabbath-breaking as golf. It is quiet, it is not violent, it does not require more than one or two participants, and one may play it in his Sunday clothes. It is possible that, played in remote spots, where the neighbors cannot see it, Sunday golf-playing is not sinful; but however that may be, it is contrary to the laws of Massachusetts, and the Bay State constables don't allow it.

The Harvard Union has declined to grapple in debate with Boston University because one of the proposed grapplers for the University is a girl. President Eliot is quoted as saying that while he had nothing to do with the Union's decision, he is of the opinion that in any debate of the sort young ladies are apt to have the sympathies of the judges and the audience. He is right, and the Union's hesitation is justified. To argue with a woman in order to persuade the woman is sometimes excusable, but to argue with a woman in the hope of persuading some one else is folly.

The projected changes in the manner of conducting Commencement at Yale promise to make the formal exercises on that day more a source of edification and less a means of discipline than they have been in times past. Yale has gradually come to realize that the high-school exhibition, where the boys speak pieces and their friends come to hear them, is an obsolete model for a university Commencement. The only speaking she will have at her future Commencement exercises will be by the president of the university. He will discourse on the condition and progress of the university, covering so much of the ground that when in the afternoon he talks on the same subject at the alumni dinner he may be able to give due attention to football and all the athletic sports. All the candidates for degrees will be present to hear the president's address, and at the proper time will be presented to him one by one by the "orator," a new officer, who will state formally the basis of each one's claim to a sheepskin. There will be no valedictory or salutatory—no other speaking at all; simply the president's address and the distribution of degrees. This seems a judicious innovation, and ought to make the Commencement exercises popular.

The Bodleian Library at Oxford has an income of about £9000 a year, and needs £15,000. Its librarian, Mr. Nicholson, has issued an appeal for the £6000 a year additional which he requires. The habit of giving large sums of money to universities, which is almost epidemic among rich men in this country, does not prevail to any notable extent in England. Oxford and Cambridge have been understood these many generations to be thoroughly well provided for. And so they have, but it is their colleges which have had large endowments, and not the universities; and of late years the incomes of the colleges, being largely drawn from lands, have fallen off.

Generations of the most prosperous families in England have profited at Oxford by endowments, most of which were originally bestowed to promote the education of the poor. Those families owe Oxford much, and when she begs as she does now for the Bodleian, they should give her what she asks for.

This corner of the Weekly owes an apology to the London *Spectator* for saying that it had recently changed hands. It was the *Saturday Review* that changed hands. It is lamentable to have mixed up the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*, even for a moment; but at least it was done in inadvertence, not in malice.

E. S. Martin.

THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW,

AND ITS INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN HORSE-BREEDING.

IT is characteristic of a New-Yorker, perhaps, to speak of the Horse Show within the gates of his city as national, although it is true its awards are not everywhere so considered; this may in part, however, be attributed to the narrowness of vision on the part of the Association stockholders. But the time will come when hackneys and hunters will not engross the greatest attention of the Association directors, nor attract the largest amount of prize-money, and when that time comes the New York show will expand into a more national institution.

We do not grow to these things suddenly. It is not over fifteen or twenty years ago that the trotter was the only horse which received any particular attention from breeders. Ten years ago, with the exception of the hunting and polo set, riding in the vicinity of our cities was wellnigh a lost art. We know perfectly well that our great-grandparents were devoted to the horse; and records are not wanting to emphasize the place it had in the education of the youth of that older period, and the skill attained in horsemanship.

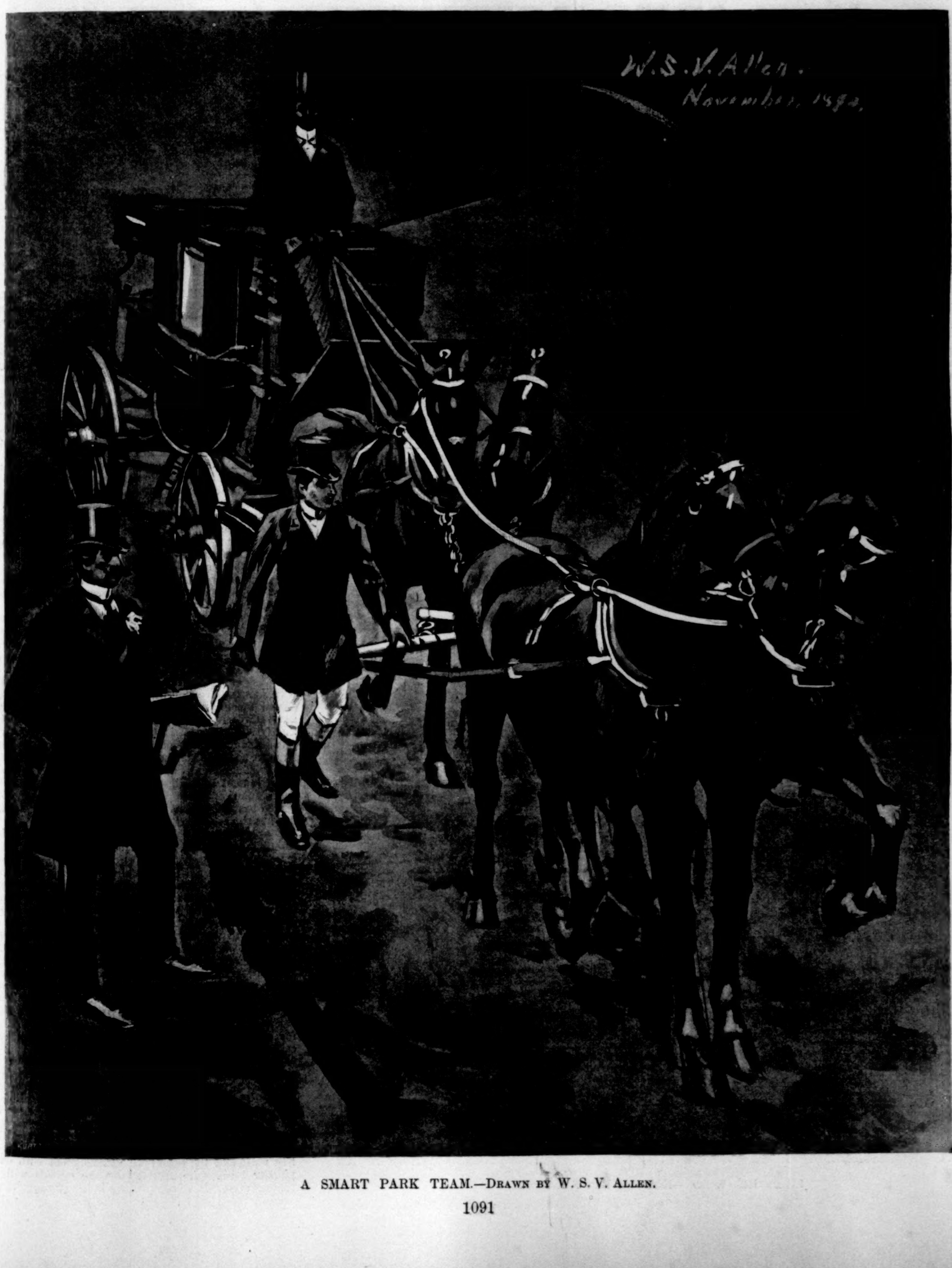
In the South the saddle-horse has always occupied a prominent place in the esteem of sportsmen and women. It is from the South that we get to-day our best saddle-animals, and it is there we must look for the class of women who consider riding quite as much a part of their education as the strumming of a piano. One must travel through the South to appreciate how many women ride; and exceedingly well they do it. We of New York are prone to fancy that those women of our hunting set (we can count them easily on our fingers) who ride superbly comprise the first and last and all of good riding in the country; but the horsewomen of the South outnumber those of the North two to one, and the average of skill is proportionately high. The same may be said of the horsemen. There is no gainsaying the fact that among our Northern riders there are some of the hardest and pluckiest in the world, but it is equally true that the average of skill among Southern and Western riders is much higher than in the East.

We have been pleased to call certain ways of holding the reins and certain cut of habit and coat as "form." The Western or Southern rider does not concern herself or himself very much with these details, but the seat is as firm and the conduct as graceful. They may be ignorant of the latest "thing" in attire, but they know the horse, can ride any one they put a bridle on, and bring him in at the end of a long journey without a sore back and in the best possible condition.

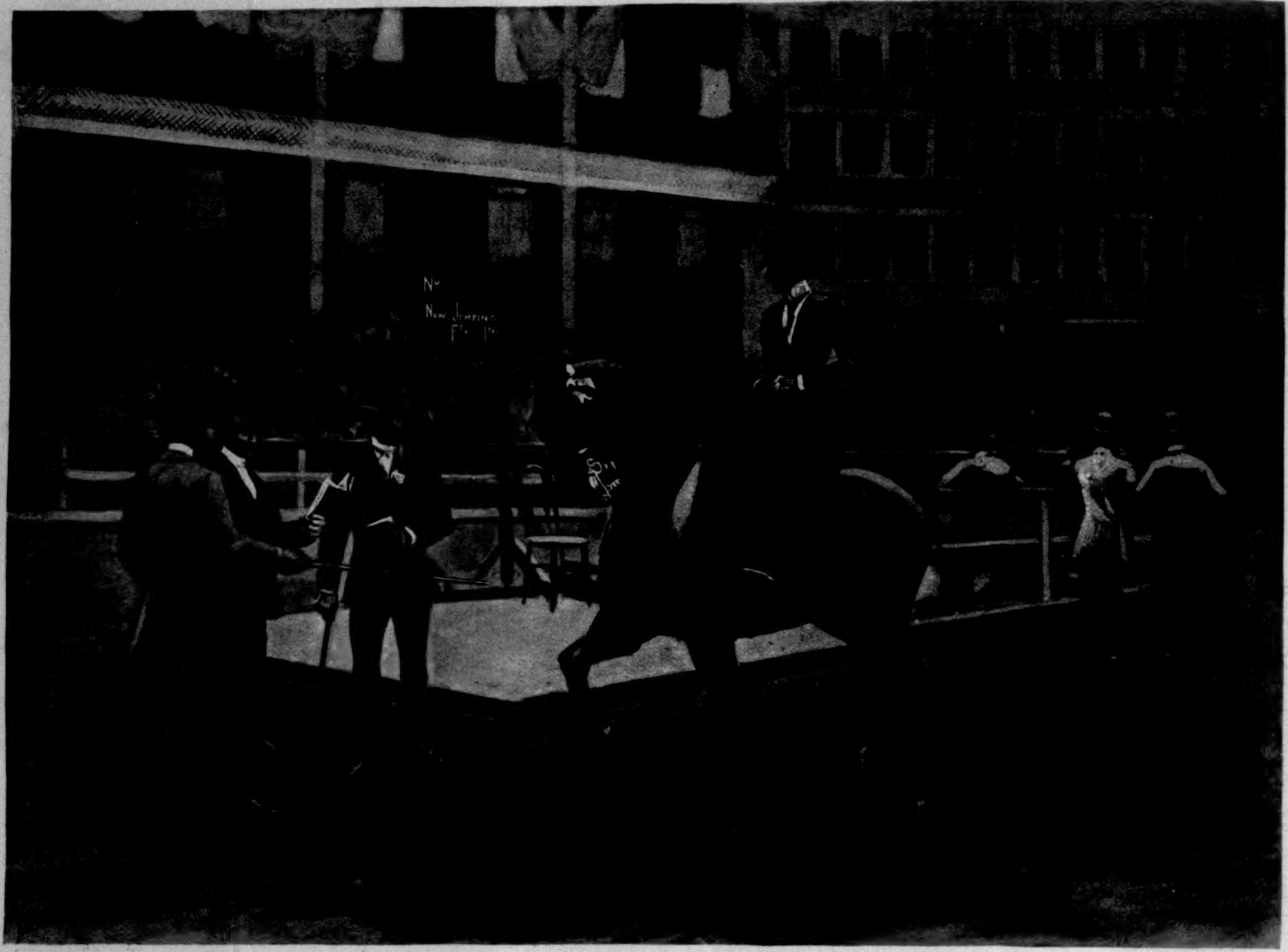
However, all that does not lessen the glory of our New York show. There is only one New York, and the Horse Show is its greatest annual exhibition. It is more than a horse show; it is the first metropolitan appearance of society after the summer's campaign, and signalizes the beginning of the winter season. It is really an occasion when the reign of beauty is disputed by the beast.

Nowhere else in the world will you find so extravagant prices paid for boxes, nor a greater sum of money given in prizes, nor a more splendid show of thoroughbreds, both in and around the ring, as at Madison Square Garden during this second week of November each year. Not even London can duplicate the spectacular features of this exhibition, and, considering the present standard of horseflesh to have been reached after only about a dozen years of endeavor, the entries compare favorably with the annual show on the other side.

We really owe a great deal to our National Association. It has been the means of improving our carriage-horses and our equipages to a point where they compare favorably with any in the world. It has been an incentive to breed-



A SMART PARK TEAM.—Drawn by W. S. V. Allen.



A WINNER LEAVING THE RING.—Drawn by W. S. V. Allen.

ers, and a spur to men of means to bring to our country the best of foreign stock.

We sometimes speak of the horse show week as being more of a display of fashion than of horses. It is true this week is looked upon by many very largely in the light of a social function, but it is equally true that to these people of wealth—for wealth is fashion nowadays—we are indebted for a great deal of the improvement in our horseflesh. The men who compose the Association and have supported its work are those who have expended great sums in importing horses, and who have brought the prize list up from five thousand to thirty thousand dollars.

TABLE SHOWING INCREASE OF ENTRIES AND PRIZES.

	1st Show, Oct. 22, '83.	2d Show, May 27, '84.	3d Show, Nov. 3, '85.	4th Show, Nov. 1, '86.	5th Show, Nov. 5, '88.	6th Show, Nov. 10, '90.	7th Show, Nov. 16, '91.	8th Show, Nov. 14, '92.	9th Show, Nov. 13, '93.	10th Show, Nov. 12, '94.
Exhibitors	197	178	168	168	190	220	245	253	218	282
Municipal Police horses	41	5				17	12	12	11	10
Park Police horses						18	21	22	23	26
Number of horses entered	440	381	444	299	412	641	617	680	595	790
Entries in the several classes	623	434	631	492	728	1291	1238	1201	982	1274
Prizes paid by the Association	$6650	$11,985	$11,845	$8870	$9755	$12,470	$11,360	$32,310	$27,060	$29,000
Prizes given by the public	$3175	$1,300	$1,000	$1625	$2050	$4,300	$6,050	$1,450	$850	$1,450
Number of subscribing members	989	651	471		306	494	751	856	641	

Nine years ago the Association held its first horse show, with 197 exhibitors and 623 entries, while this year there are nearly 350 exhibitors and over 1200 entries. We are a progressive nation, and the horsemen have kept abreast of the times. The improvement in our stock has by no means been a superficial one. We have gone abroad, it is true, in many instances, for our stock, but we have not neglected the home breeder. Last year the most gratifying success of the show was evidenced in the classes which had the home-bred horse. Our trotter has always been ideal, and our breeders have been rapidly making the saddle-horse equally so. The heavy importations of hackneys have done much in the last three or four years in bettering and developing the standard of the general carriage-horse. The excellent entries in the half-bred classes last year seem to presage a great future for this English utility horse crossed with the native. Probably in no class has the home-bred animal shown to better advantage than in the hunter. In almost every one of the last few shows the winning animal in the great majority of the hunter classes has been a native of America.

Another class that has shown a tremendous improvement in the last few years is the pony. It is only a few years since we have given any particular attention to the ponies, but the increased number of entries in the classes and the decidedly increased standard of quality are evidence of what can be done if only the breeders are given an incentive.

Roadsters have not, until the last two or three years, received the encouragement they deserve. Indeed, they do not yet receive merited attention. The roadster is a distinctly American institution, and one that ought to have a great amount of encouragement. Hitherto, however, the roadster has been almost entirely absorbed by the trotter, and is not yet sufficiently dissociated from this latter type. The improvement of the last three or four years gives cause for congratulation and hope for the future. We cannot be expected to reach perfection in all these classes in a few years; it takes time to breed a distinctive form.

Draught-horses, likewise, have not had the attention they should have, and it is unfortunately true that the entries have not increased in proportion to the importance of the type. This year a great deal more seems to be done for them, and we shall in all likelihood have an exhibition this week that will do much towards encouraging the breeder of this very necessary type of horse.

We who love the horse must always owe a debt of deep gratitude to the handful of men who were the pioneers in American horse-breeding, amongst whom the late Mr. August Belmont's name stands pre-eminent. Few people outside of the horse-racing world have any conception of the wonderful stable Mr. Belmont had in process of development. The prices brought at the sale of this stable after his death were a revelation of its value. Mr. Belmont represented an era in American horse-breeding, and his work for the American thoroughbred will possibly never be eclipsed.

To one who remembers the form of our turnouts and the character of horses driven and ridden fifteen or twenty years ago, the results of our development as seen in Madison Square Garden in so short a time seem incredible. It is even a shorter period in which our carriage-horses have attained the perfection of to-day. Ten years ago we had hardly begun to turn out our equipages in anything like good form. It was only in '76 that the Coaching Club held its first meet, and the open-eyed astonishment with which the pioneer fours were received by the crowds will be long remembered. It is not putting it too strongly to say that

LIKES HIS WORK.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

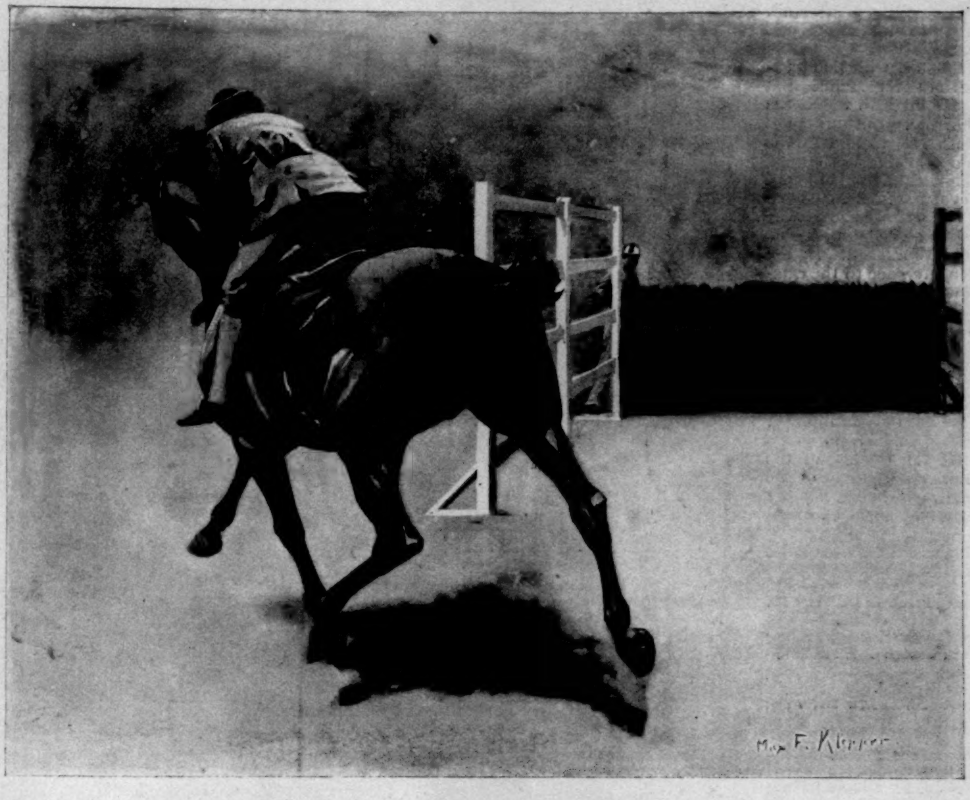
the quality of our carriage-horses has been raised almost directly by the influence and example of the Coaching Club, and that the hunting set has largely influenced the improved type of the saddle animal now seen in this neighborhood. Anglomania has likewise been the means of marring its looks by docking the tail.

Along with the improvement in horseflesh has come a corresponding improvement in traps, and it is unquestionably true that from no point of vantage in the world will one see more handsome and complete turnouts than at the Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park on an autumn afternoon.

Nor has this remarkable improvement in form and horseflesh been confined to New York city; and herein do we find the national significance of the Association. It is unquestionably true that all eyes are turned to New York for correct form in this as in other matters. On the Atlantic coast a few years ago, outside of New York, there was to be found hardly a four-in-hand, and certainly no particular attention was given to the form of turning out.

Good horseflesh has always been a product of the New England States, and good utility animals have never been wanting there. In fact, it is the home of the Morgan horse, which, in the writer's opinion, has no superior. Bostonians and Philadelphians and others who came to the New York horse show carried away the desire of emulation, and so successfully have they attained their aims that in Boston and Philadelphia to-day are fours and tandems and carriage-horses generally as good as the best, while one can hardly drive in any direction of the country without meeting turnouts vastly superior to those of a few years past. Fifteen years ago one might travel far in the United States and only at great intervals meet an equipage turned out in good form. To-day one hardly meets any other sort.

In Chicago, and very generally throughout the West, much improvement is noticeable. It would astonish the average Easterner to drive about Chicago of an autumn afternoon. There is, of course, not the same general recognition of the niceties. But good form is observed by a large percentage, and the horseflesh is very good. Two or three years ago Chicago held a horse show, and the class of animal exhibited was a revelation. From that point of view it was a success, but unfortunately the affair was so badly managed that it closed in disaster, and it is much to be regretted that another attempt has never been made by more competent and sportsmanlike men than those who made this lamentable fiasco.



AN UNWILLING CONTESTANT.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

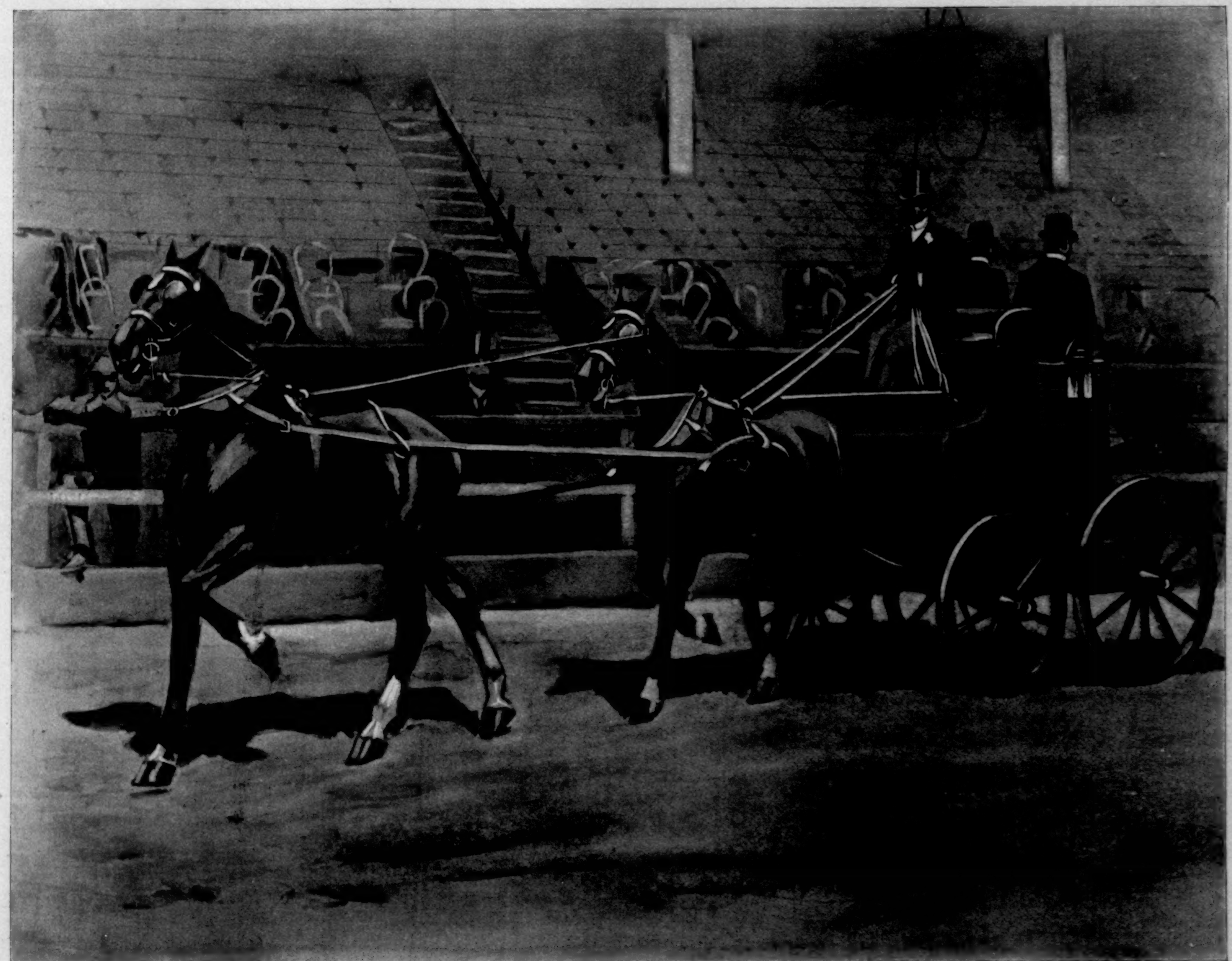
Yet another result of the National Association's work is the fillip given to sectional horse shows. There are dozens upon dozens of country fairs and little shows held every year, where the general improvement in quality being made throughout the country is again emphasized. In fact, whichever way one turns in the horse world the influence of this Association is apparent.

When, therefore, we are inclined to refer contemptuously to this New York show as a mere social function, let the good it has done in the land be borne in mind. It is true the greatest amount of money in prizes is given to the two classes—hunters and hackneys—which are affected most by fashion; but it is also a fact that it has been fashion's money which imported the first stock, and by its continuous strife for the highest perfection of horseflesh, has had a beneficial effect on the home breeder and on the elevation of the American horse generally.

There is but one failure to deplore in connection with the work of these gentlemen, and that was the abandonment of the out-door horse show.

In '91 an Open-air Horse Show Association was formed by members of the National Association, and a show held on Manhattan Field. From a sportsman's point of view it was a great success, but, unfortunately, because of the peculiar configuration of New York, and because, too, sad to relate, of the lack of interest among our people, it failed to attract a paying number of spectators. In '92 the projectors of the enterprise pocketed their losses and once more made an effort to interest New-Yorkers in a really genuine show; but, although the entries were large and of high quality, it failed of success, and another venture has never been made. In Philadelphia the out-door show, beginning about three years ago, has been a great and growing success. The in-door show is well enough in its way, but for the true lover of horseflesh it has no comparison whatever with the out-of-door exhibition.

It is a pity we cannot have a horse show in the fullest sense of the word—a show where every one of the entries is on exhibition during the entire week, and where one can stroll about admiring and criticising at one's leisure and to one's heart's content. Madison Square Garden is certainly the most ornate structure of any used similarly in the world. Compared with it the London horse-show building is a barn, and a small one at that. But complete and handsome as it is, it falls short of filling the requirements of a horse-show site. It is difficult even to avail one's self of the slight opportunity to walk about among the horses, and at least half the horses have no stalls in the building, appearing only in the judging-ring. Here is our one chance of getting



EXERCISE AT LUNCHEON HOUR.—Drawn by W. S. V. Allen.

a look at the animals, but it is only a glimpse after all. There are so many to divide one's attention that it becomes as distracting as a three-ringed circus.

The true lover of the horse is not satisfied with this passing show. He enjoys it, of course, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. He loves to watch the beautiful animals prancing about the ring. But this is not where your horseman enjoys himself most; to him this is but a side show. The real show is out among the horses, where he may wander from stall to stall, catalogue in hand, striking up an acquaintance with every animal that commends itself to him, and listening to the proud groom as he strokes the handsome creature's satin coat and dilates on its good qualities. Here he really enjoys himself. By the second day there is little occasion for reference to the catalogue; he already knows the horses worth visiting, and the others he does not care about. Here he may lounge away the morning when the fashionable throng, with horsy chatter and aimless wanderings, has not filled up every passage and crowded him out into the human merry-go-round about the ring.

Like every preceding one, the present exhibition at Madison Square Garden shows an increase not only in interest, but in number of horses and exhibitors; aside from which there is satisfaction in knowing that the quality of the former is considerably bettered. Better still, some of the classes that were very poorly represented last year, notably the thoroughbreds, have been increased by some excellent entries.

The Association directors have made a very wise choice in their judges, as the following list attests:

Thoroughbreds—Captain J. S. Coster, Colonel Frank B. Hall, and Dr. Andrew Smith, V. S., Toronto.

Trotters and Roadsters—John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Massachusetts; Carl S. Burr, Jun., Commac, Long Island; and General G. S. Field, Buffalo.

Hackneys—Henry Livesey, Rothefield, Sussex, England.

Coaching Stallions and Pony-breeding Classes—Dr. Andrew Smith and Prescott Lawrence.

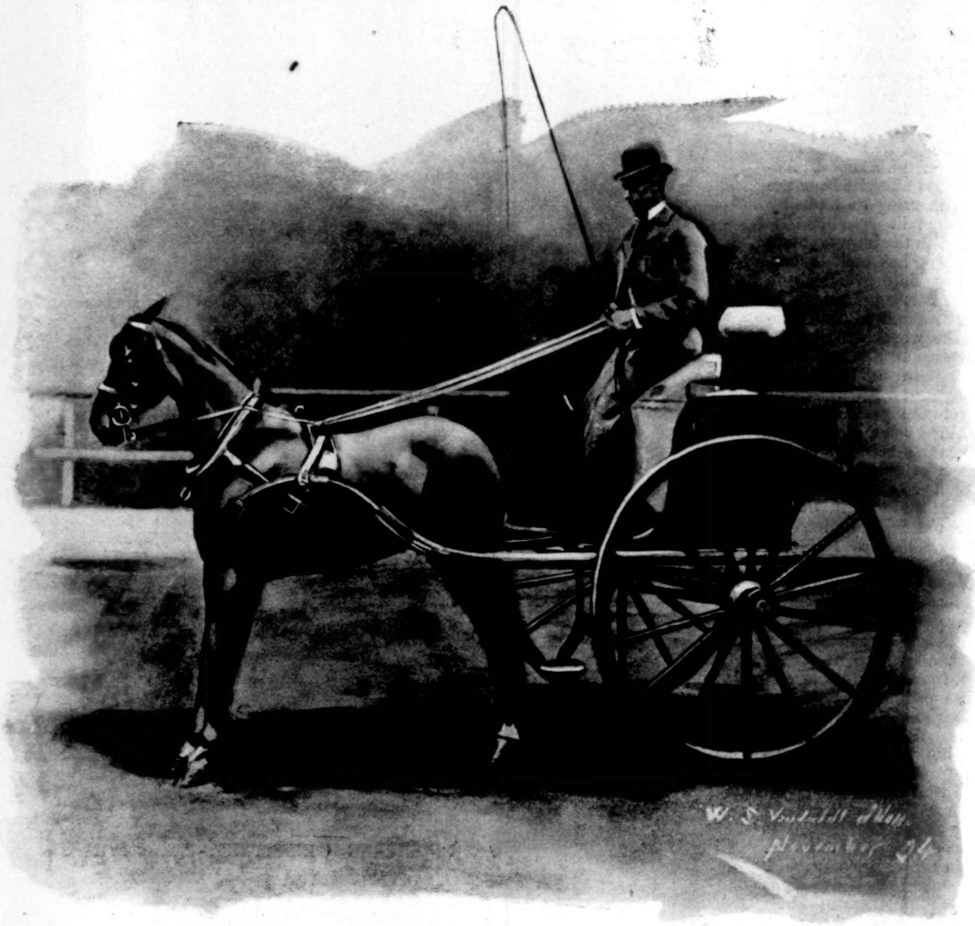
Heavy-draught Stallions—H. L. Herbert.

Harness Horses, Tandems, Ponies in Harness, and Four-in-Hands—Prescott Lawrence, Francis T. Underhill, and E. B. Sheldon.

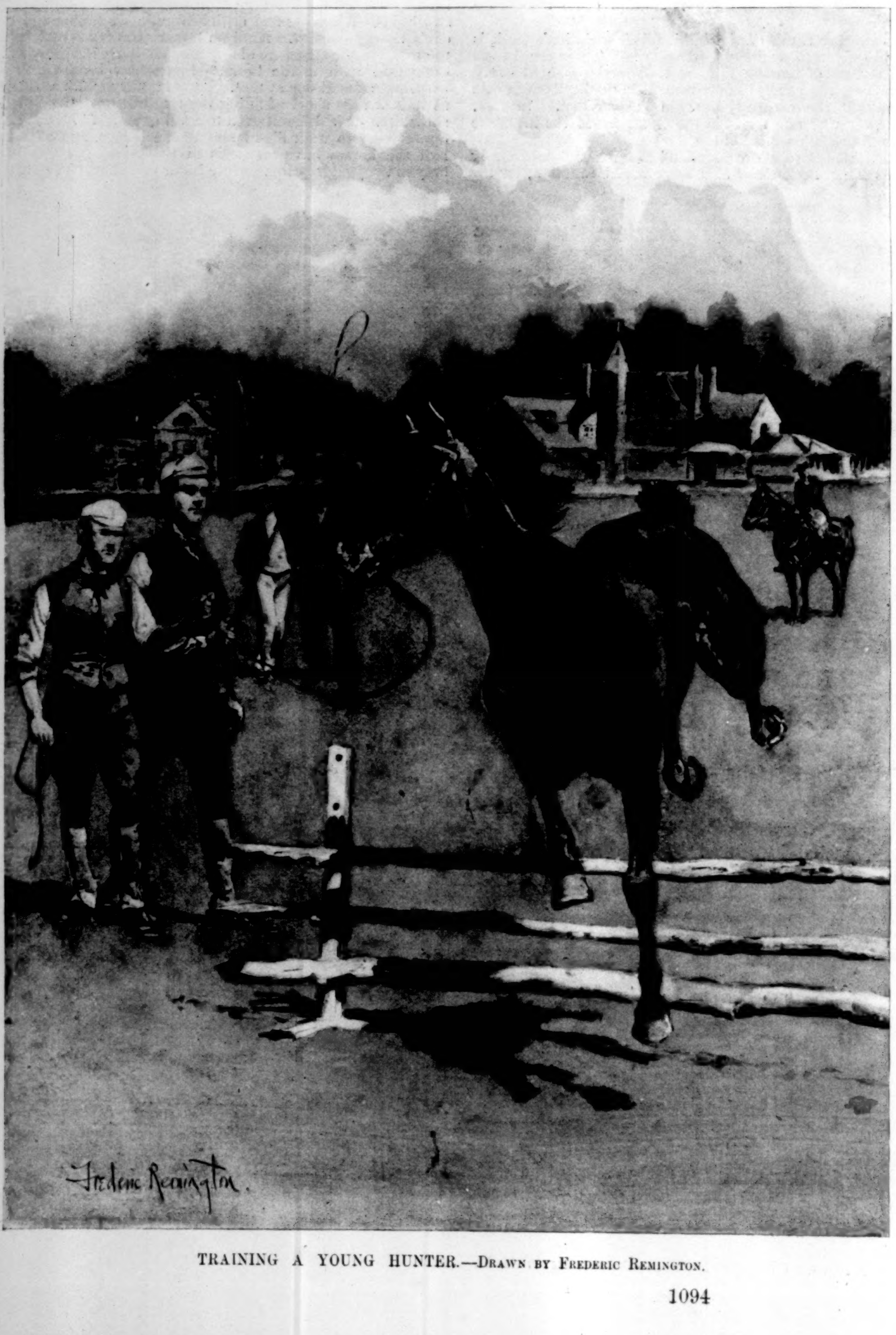
Saddle and Police Horses and Saddle Ponies—Colonel Spencer Borden, W. C. Gulliver, and Captain C. F. Roe.

Hunters and Jumpers—Charles E. Mather, John E. Cowdin, and Major James C. Cooley.

There are $30,000 in prizes, of which $525 go to the thoroughbreds, a class that will have some very good ones, including the well-known sires King Gallop, Ironside, Autocrat, Devil-to-pay, and Devotee.



A LADY'S PONY TRAP.—Drawn by W. S. V. Allen.



TRAINING A YOUNG HUNTER.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

The trotting classes have been very much more generously looked after by the Association than ever before, with $2800 in prizes, while the number of entries shows an appreciable increase. In the class of breeding stallions, with four of their get, there are such well-known sires as Chimes, Stamboul, Lavard, and Heir-at-Law. The class for trotting stallions four years old is twice as large as it was last year, and among the two-year-old entries are the get of Stamboul, Mambrino King, and Sable Wilkes, while among the yearling stallions are the get of Alcantara, Chimes, and Alton.

The driving classes have always shown up well, and this year there will be no lessening of quality. There is a particularly good list of pairs, which includes Mr. Charles M. Reed's performers, Lounette and Evangeline, and Colonel Kip's Mona, My May, Embleta, and Mambrino Belle. There are nine entries for the roadsters in pairs, which will be very likely of the same trotter type as we have seen heretofore. However, the true roadster is beginning to have a look in, and we may expect in a few years to see more of that type. As there are $1400 in prizes, the money will probably have its effect on the breeders in the near future.

As usual, the prizes for the hackney classes outnumber those of any other. There are $5600, which sum includes the $500 challenge cup, for which there will be a grand contest between Dr. Parke, Matchless of Londesboro, and Imported Rufus, Jun. In the other stallion classes we shall probably see Star of Mepal, General H., Jubilee, Chief, and Cadet.

The yearling hackney classes have never been filled as they are this year, and there is also a very large entry list of mares, including some well-known ones, among them, White Socks, Her Majesty II., Romany Belle, Bright Star, and Phantom.

Mr. Livesey will be kept very busy during the week, for in no show have the hackneys of all ages and sizes filled the classes in such numbers. The most interesting of these classes will be that of the half-bred hackneys, for which there are $700 in prizes. We are all very anxious to see what the hackney is going to do for us besides picking his feet up airily. Last year we saw one or two colts that promised fairly well, and we shall have a chance this year to see how they have progressed and what additions have been made to the class.

The coaching-stallion class, as a usual thing, has been a rather indifferent one, and it does not seem to have improved any this year, notwithstanding there are $350 in prizes offered. It is a little strange that some of our horsemen do not invest in this direction.

$1800 are offered in prizes for "horses in harness," $1100 for "carriage-horses," and $815 for "horses, carriages, and appointments." The classes here are as well filled as usual, and that means that they are filled to overflowing. Let us hope we shall not see the same animal entered in so many different classes this year as is usually the case.

There are $700 in prizes for tandems, but the entry list does not seem to be so large as usual. The same may be said of the fours, for which there is a prize list of $1000. In fact, these two classes are not up to the standard.

The pony classes evince the interest that has been drawn to them, and are well filled with as fine a lot of entries as has been seen at any show. There are $770 offered, and the competitions will be very keen.

The saddle-horse class, if the entries prove as good as they promise, will be the best we have yet had. There are $2170 offered, and the class of exhibitors interested should show none but the very best in the land.

The hunter classes are filled as they have never been before. There are $4500 in prizes, including a $450 champion cup. We shall probably see no notable new ones in the qualified hunters, but the green classes will show us what is being done for the native-bred animal.

The advance sale of boxes has been quite large enough to pay the Association's prize list, and the show of '94 will undoubtedly add one more to the many successes of the National Association. C. W. W.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CZAR AND THE ROYAL GUESTS AT FREDENSBORG.

His extreme privacy at home, not less than his free and easy style of living at Fredensborg, made the Czar one of the mythical figures of contemporary history. In Russia, court etiquette and political reasons compelled Alexander III. to deny himself to everybody, aside from the members of his family and his trusted servants. Denmark, where in the summer months the Czar might have been met almost like any private citizen, is apparently out of reach of the enterprising news-gatherers.

Thus it happened that the world got only occasional glimpses of the Czar *as he was*, while a sensational press fairly teemed with absurd, uncalled-for, and cruel references to his private and political career.

When I arrived at Copenhagen, one fine day in the middle of September, 1891, I carried with me a number of introductions to Danish journalists. The first, and also the last, member of that guild I approached there was the editor of a powerful weekly, who assured me that I might as well undertake to "pump" the Minister of Foreign Affairs on the question of the alleged "French treaty" as to try my hand at meeting the Czar and obtaining personal information as to his life and character. Twelve hours later I accomplished what my Danish colleague described as a wellnigh impossible feat, and, besides, was safely lodged under the roof that sheltered his Russian Majesty at Castle Fredensborg, the Seeland country-seat of good King Christian IX., where his family of crowned and uncrowned royalty were just then holding their annual jollification meeting.

The following notes were jotted down in a little second-story room belonging to the apartments of Herr Oxholm, Royal Master of Ceremonies, in the right wing of the castle. I must thank the American Minister, Hon. Clark E. Carr, for this unusual privilege, granted at his special request.

Fredensborg is one of the prettiest and most picturesque villages I have ever seen, in a perfectly level country; it consists of one street only, leading from the railroad station to the castle, and a dozen or more scattered villas of modest size and appearance on the highway to Fredericksborg, the most extensive and magnificent show-place in the possession of the crown. The houses are all neat and clean; and the people courteous and obliging, as long as you do not address them in German. They love their fellow-citizens, the King, and their gracious mistress, Queen Louisa, too well to ever forget and forgive the events of the year 1864.

The castle is a rambling old two-story building of undecided architecture, constructed in triangular form. Over the main entrance is a wooden cupola, flanked on each side by little turrets; the wings are long and narrow, and the complexity of buildings makes an unpretentious though homelike appearance, with its whitewashed walls and numberless slate-colored shutters.

Two sentinels are stationed at the entrance of the inner court formed by the triangle, which is otherwise unprotected against intruders, such being evidently not regarded with any grave apprehensions here, for even the guard indulges in none of the pugnacity usually displayed by that sort of functionary at royal residences. When, for instance, I passed on to go to the main door of the palace (which, as I afterward learned, is reserved for royalty only), the guards paid no attention whatever to this audacious proceeding; and when, a minute later, I retraced my steps, they still looked unconcerned. Had I done the same thing at the German Emperor's palace in Potsdam, the guards would have perhaps riddled me with bullets for my ignorance on matters of etiquette.

A very English-looking groom, exercising a long-legged hunter in the stable grounds near by, pointed out the door which led to the Master of Ceremony's apartments, and at the same time informed me that he was the "gentleman" in charge of the Princess of Wales's riding-horse.

"They 'aven't a 'oss 'ere that 'er royal 'ighness would mount," he added, contemptuously.

Just then two gentlemen emerged from the portal of the Greek chapel, which has been established in the former equerry building, running parallel with the main angle of the castle and facing the open-air riding-school. The younger, a long lanky fellow with a ruddy face and a pleasant smile, wore the field uniform of the Blue Dragoons, high boots, spurs, and helmet. He looked for all the world as if he had just come from a three hours' horseback journey, and was talking loudly to his companion, pointing to the heavy sword at his side. The other gentleman seemed to agree with him in the matter under discussion, and the soldier unceremoniously whistled for the groom whom I had engaged in conversation. The Princess's man at once answered the summons with a ready, "At your service, Royal 'Ighness," at the same time thrusting the reins into my hands and running off to the chapel. Half a minute later he returned with the sabre, of which H.R.H. meanwhile had divested himself.

"That's Prince Christian, the future King of these islands," he explained.

"And the gentleman with him?" I asked, eagerly.

"His Majesty the Czar, to be sure," answered the groom.

So this was Alexander, alternatively described as a cold-blooded conspirator against European peace, a madman, drunkard, and even a red-handed murderer!

If his unrelenting critics could have only seen him on that bright September day, on the arm of jolly Prince Christian, starting for a walk through forest and field!

The Autocrat of All the Russias was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with only one striking peculiarity about him, that of perfect self-possession, relieved by a pleasing expression of countenance. Manliness and strength of character were depicted in every line of his face, while his rather small eyes bespoke a kindly heart.

He was clad in a pepper-and-salt lounging-suit, and wore a soft gray hat, turned-down collar, small loosely bound tie, and red Russia-leather shoes. In his hand he carried a cane, apparently fresh from the bush, and finished off by unskilled hands. With this he cut funny capers in the air as a sort of accompaniment to his nephew's description of some fencing exercises the young man attended in the early morning. This I learned from their conversation, overheard when the two passed my corner. Meanwhile I involuntarily followed the example of several other people lounging in the yard, and turning "right about face," as the phrase goes, raised my hat. Prince Christian, on seeing me, at once brought his hand—which is unusually large, by the way—to his helmet; but the Czar quizzed me from head to foot with a searching eye before he touched his hat. He did not appear overjoyed at meeting a stranger in what he considers his "Sans Souci."

I was still gazing after the retreating figures when an old servant in the red livery of the royal Danish family approached me, and on learning that I was the person whose visit had been announced by Mr. Carr, bade me to follow him.

We entered a little gate at the junction of the right wing and the main building, and climbed two rather dark and narrow staircases, covered in the centre by a strip of homemade carpet.

"Herr Oxholm is busy with the Master of the Kitchen and the Chief Butler," said the servant, by way of apology, after reaching the big corridor. "He places this chamber at your disposal, and will send for you later on."

Under the high window facing the inner court-yard already described stood an oak table, which my kind host had provided with ink, paper, and quill pens galore.

As I sat there jotting down my notes and cursing the rain, that had just set in, promising to spoil the day, a carriage hurriedly drove up to the portal opposite, with the Princess of Wales and her daughters. "Princess Alexandrina," as she is called here, was dressed as daintily as ever, in a tan-colored gown and large straw hat. Before alighting she looked for a moment in amazement at the Danish groom, who did not appear to understand that he was expected to fetch an umbrella; but then her Royal Highness resolutely picked up her skirts and skipped over the little square into the hall, displaying as she did so a very pretty pair of russet shoes and stockings.

The young ladies followed her example, with much merriment, but their hilarity quickly changed to confusion when two men's voices joined in the laughter.

The unexpected intruders were the Czar and Prince Christian, whom the rain likewise had driven home, and who came speeding along as fast as their legs would carry them. They reached the hall almost on the heels of the young ladies, and seemed to delight in their apparent discomfort. At this moment a servant arrived to close the door, and cut short my observations.

When, an hour or so later, Herr Oxholm sent for me and heard the story above related, he said:

"That is just like his Majesty, always full of fun, and ready to play tricks on his young relatives. He is a great tease."

At six o'clock in the great hall all Christian IX.'s kith and kin sat down to dine, aside from those youngsters who, for some reason or other, had been packed off to bed.

"I had no hesitation whatever in receiving you," said Herr Oxholm, smilingly, "for I understand you are not after political information, which I would be a very bad hand at giving anyhow, in summer at least, when we are all bent on enjoying ourselves. Politics, you must know, are tabooed at Fredensborg."

Then the Master of Ceremony continued: "You have already seen the Czar, without my aid, and made some observations, you say, that completely reverse your previous opinion of his Majesty, based on the ordinary newspaper reports. Well, nothing, so far as this court is concerned, will hinder you from continuing your investigations."

"How about the detectives?" I broke in.

"Ah! the detectives that figure so largely in the press! I will introduce you to them."

Gr.-Duke Constantine. Grand-Duke Serge. Grand-Duke Nicholas. Gr.-Duke Dmitri.
Dukes de Mecklenburg-Strélitz. Grand-Duch. Alexandra. Gr.-Duke Césarévitch. Gr.-Duke Wladimir. Pr. Alexander. Pr. Pierre. Duke Georges.

Grand-Duch. Xénia. Grand-Duch. Maria. Grand-Duch. Hélène. Queen of Greece. Czarina. Czar. Grand-Duke Michel. Grand-Duke Paul.
Grand-Duke Alexis. Grand-Duke Michel. Grand-Dukes André and Boris.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

"To *all* of them?"

"To each and every one, take my word for it. It can be done to-morrow, if it suits you."

Herr Oxholm then talked most freely and entertainingly of his own observations of the Czar.

"Of course my official acquaintance with his Majesty is but limited," he said, "for he is the last man in the world to insist on ceremony, where such is not absolutely prescribed by court etiquette. All he requires of my sovereign and his own officials in attendance here is to let him severely alone. Fredensborg is to him the haven of rest, where he is allowed to divest himself of all his numerous responsibilities and indulge in untrammelled freedom to his heart's content."

As I saw him in the narrow home circle, the Czar was the prototype of a *paterfamilias*, who liked nothing better than to assemble all his loved ones around him for a joyful chat, a long walk, or a modest dinner party. The only special distinction accepted by him was the privilege of conducting the Queen to the table. He was courteous to everybody, unexacting as a master, but full of that kingly dignity that brooks no interference, and exerts its pleasure in a quiet and decided manner. No person in Fredensborg, or, for that matter, in Denmark, ever heard him utter a harsh word, or even a stern command. He rose early, and visited the bedside of each of his children before he sat down to his morning meal. Breakfast over, he worked for an hour or so with his adjutant, answering despatches, etc. After that he was ready to join in any playful exercise or outing the children or the other guests might propose for the rest of the day. An official programme, such as is set forth in the usual court circular, was quite an unknown thing here. The Czar always appeared in the simplest of attire, which he changed for the regulation evening dress shortly before the dinner hour.

The following day I met Detective Kjeer. He was not only willing, but eager to talk with me; "for," said he, "I have an abundance of time on hand, and anyhow am glad of an opportunity to practise my English. This is, indeed, idle business. I seldom meet anybody aside from natives, a very tiresome class of people from my stand-point as a Russian detective, and I almost hoped to have found a case to work upon when you arrived this morning. But the conductor informed me you carried introductions from the American minister, and so I let you roam about at will."

"Then I had been watched—a kind of suspect?" I cried, in amazement.

"Of course you have," retorted the detective. "Every new arrival in Copenhagen is, until his identity and character are fully established. The fact that the Danish law does not require passports must not prevent the police from keeping their eyes open."

Mr. Kjeer added, somewhat warmly: "You should understand, sir, that we Danes consider it a matter of national honor to protect the Czar while in our midst. The foreign press says, 'Denmark is just now swarming with detectives,' but this is true only in the sense that the whole of the people are watching over the Czar. I dare say if anybody tried to harm his Majesty in public he would be torn to pieces by the enraged populace before the police could get at him."

"Now tell me truthfully, how many detectives are stationed in Fredensborg?"

Kjeer unbuttoned his coat, took from an inside pocket a long official-looking note-book, and to forestall all fear of deception, handed it over to me and requested me to look for myself, for it contained a list of their names, revised up to date.

The roll was of surprising brevity. Besides himself, only four other detectives were mentioned.

The conversation then turned upon the Nihilists, and both officers declared there was no apprehension of any of that guild following the Czar to his Danish asylum. Nevertheless, Chief Petersen kept a strong lookout in Copenhagen, and reported twice a week personally to the Czar.

"If there is any danger, I demand to be apprised of it at once, and in the most direct manner." These were his Majesty's orders to the Foreign Minister, according to M. Ratchkovsky, and he concluded, "I am always ready to meet an enemy face to face, but I dread being ambushed."

A royal servant arrived at this moment with a message for Detective Kjeer. "I received orders to alarm my entire contingent to-morrow afternoon," the officer said when the man had left, "as the Czar and royal family intend to visit the country fair held in the 'beer-garden' next to Slots Hotel. Try and be there."

Next morning I arose with the birds and went to explore the Royal Park of Fredensborg Castle, with its numerous mementos of Thorwaldsen's and other Northern masters' heroic genius.

I might have been strolling along the broad avenues, shaded by ancient trees, and through natural thickets and deserted lanes, for an hour or so, when I perceived a group of ladies and children behind a number of tall oaks on a modest slope, talking merrily, laughing and singing. Now a man's voice rang out in a commanding tone, only to have his efforts to promote order spoiled by the youngsters imitating him.

At last there rose before me the figure of a photographer, with his eye fixed to the camera, his head and instrument covered by the black cloth. He was exercising his art on the jolliest crowd of royalty that ever assembled, the Czar and Czarina forming the centre, with their young children in front and at their sides, and withal surrounded by their "sisters, cousins, and aunts," from Denmark, England, and Greece, fourteen in all.

Click, click, went the instrument, and the assembly dispersed. The Czar spoke a few words in an undertone to one of the little girls, and then darted down the hill, followed by the youngsters. It soon became apparent what mischief they were up to, for a few minutes later a big landau, which had been waiting, drove hurriedly away, its seats occupied by the Czar and his shouting body-guard, in white dresses, socks, and sailor suits, who waved their handkerchiefs at the rest of the party left behind, with many mocking regrets at their inability "to accommodate them."

This was the Czar—content to spend his leisure in the simplest of country houses, and in the society of young children who pulled his beard and laughed at his authority. The inhabitants of Fredensborg surely had a better insight into the Czar's character than any one else. Here are the words of a thoroughly independent observer in the Copenhagen diplomatic corps:

THE PALACE AT LIVADIA, WHERE THE CZAR DIED ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1st.

YALTA, WHENCE THE CZAR'S BODY WAS CONVEYED BY STEAMER TO SEVASTOPOL.

"It is his high sense of duty, not love of power, that induces his Majesty to devote his life with such arduous severity to the exalted office he inherited. Thorough devotion to the religion of his forefathers fortifies him in this self-abnegation, and what he works for through eight weary months of each year is not glory or personal advancement; it is the hope and expectation of spending the summer in his Danish asylum, a free man, unfettered and unheedful, the chief of a large family and the friend of all."

I had ample opportunities of corroborating them in every respect by personal information and from other sources.

Later in the day I met the Czar and his little friends in the corridor leading to my room in the castle, and they all gave me a hearty "Good-day," in differently accentuated English. English, you must know, is the language exclusively used by the royal guests of Fredensborg, and even the Czar has to keep to the agreement, though French is far more congenial to him.

At the fair held in the beer-garden adjoining Slots Hotel I had the first opportunity of closely observing the Czarina. The fact is, my friends the detectives put me in a position where I could have *kodaked* the entire royal party with the utmost ease.

The Czarina was leaning upon the arm of her often-described and ever-youthful sister the Princess of Wales, and judging from their conversation, I should say the stories which attribute a doleful degree of deafness to the future Queen of England are grossly exaggerated. Both ladies wore white dresses and sailor hats, and looked so much alike that I had to repeatedly inquire of M. Ratchkovsky which was which.

The Czarina is of a slight girlish figure, and her manner combines great natural dignity with charming, almost maidenly impetuosity and frankness. In New York she would be called *petite*.

Her complexion exhibits the soft olive tint inherent in the Southern woman, and almost foreign to a Scandinavian. But her chief beauty is her beautiful eyes—eyes that would make any face fascinating.

She is pronounced to have been the happiest of royal married women and mothers. One of her ladies, referring to the Czarina's sweet disposition, said to me, "*Quand elle donne la main, c'est comme elle vous donnait un cadeau.*"

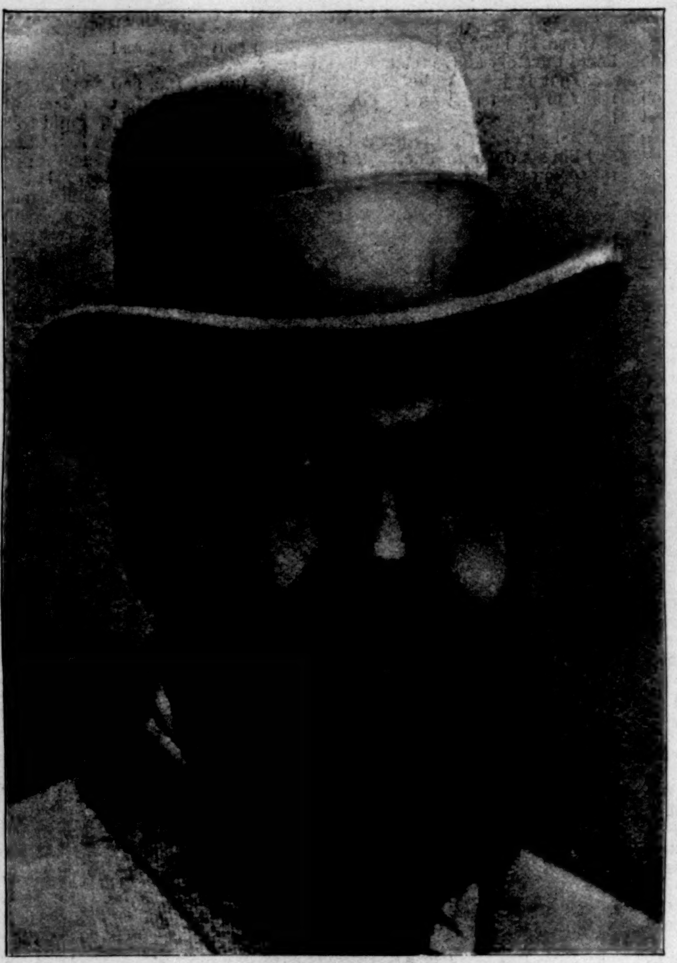
The ladies were standing in front of the shooting-gallery, where the Czar amused himself and the children by aiming at a counterfeit presentment of the "fat woman" from the dime museum. Later on they all sat down at one of the rough tables to tea, which the Czar himself made in an immense samovar.

All this time a crowd of one hundred to one hundred and fifty people, Fredensborgers and citizens from Copenhagen and the country, were frolicking about the garden, in their jolly native manner. They jostled the royal party at the shooting-gallery, and many stood staring at them while taking their tea. It was a very happy affair all around, and I shall never forget the homelike air, so different from that which I had imagined the Czar's household would have, or the picture of the life of the royal guests at Fredensborg, and the *Czar as he was*—a strong, simple man.

HENRY W. FISCHER.

THE DEAD CZAR'S JOURNEY HOME.

FROM the thirteenth century the Crimea was a lair of Tartar bandits, and a constant menace to neighboring states. The very name *Krim*, Crimea, denoted the trench by which the slender neck of land joining it to the mainland of Russia was defended. In 1784 the Empress Catherine II. abandoned Russia's protectorate over the Crimea, and united the peninsula to Russia in the interests of good order. That favored spot from which the conquering Prince Potemkin derived his title of "Prince of Tauris" has long been the "Russian Riviera." Near Yalta, on the southern shore, to which the title of Riviera particularly belongs, lies Livadia, where Alexander III. has recently laid down the heavy burden of the imperial sceptre, which he bore bravely and firmly for more than thirteen years. The estate, comprising a park of over seven hundred acres, and a beautiful palace, formerly belonged to the Potocki family. Alexander II. bought it in 1861 for the late Empress. It lies in the latitude of Genoa, four degrees further north than New York. Its luxuriant semitropical vegetation, the lovely landscape, diversified by mountains, rocks, vineyards, and blue sea, buried in roses in June, fervent with heat in later summer, are intensely appreciated by Russians because of the lack of all these things, except heat, in most other parts of their country.



THE LATE CZAR ALEXANDER III.

No monarch wearied with cares of state, and the cares of life, which come even to monarchs, could choose a fairer spot in which to put off the heavy duty of the imperial crown, and put on the crown of immortality, in which Alexander III. devoutly believed. Yalta is quite a large town, with suburbs of Tartar bathing-villages, villas of grand-dukes and courtiers and others. In winter it is thronged with invalids, who, like the invalids in other health resorts, live always in hope that "to-morrow" will be one of the mild, clear, balmy days of which they have been promised a series months long. In their place come excuses from the oldest inhabitants, so far as my observation goes: "This is such a phenomenally cold season, you know. Such piercing winds, cold, and snow have never before been known here." This is the chronic condition of things, apparently, during winter in beautiful Yalta and Livadia.

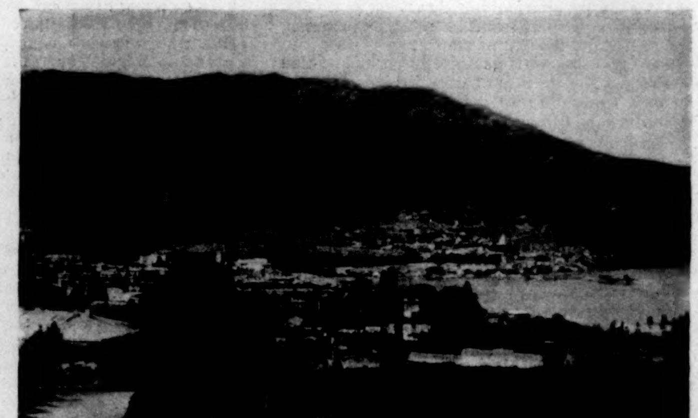
One of the most beautiful of the villas which embellish the environs is Orianda, the estate of the late Grand-Duke Constantine Nikolævitch, uncle to the late Emperor. Here the Grand-Duke lived the greater part of the time after he retired from the command of the Russian navy.

West of Yalta lies Sevastopol, whence it is proposed to take the body of the dead Emperor to St. Petersburg by railway. The government has been strengthening and extending the fortifications of Sevastopol, the great Russian war port of the Black Sea, ever since it became famous during the Crimean war, and especially of late. Barely forty years have elapsed since those scenes, which history has recorded more or less mechanically, and Count L. N. Tolstoï with an art which brought him his first glory. It is hard to remember that they happened in the reign of the great-grandfather of Nicholas II., the present Emperor, and to realize all that has happened both in war and peace during those forty years.

The sad journey of the funeral train from Sevastopol to the capital must inevitably remind the imperial family of that other journey from the Crimea which came near proving fatal to them all just six years ago. I saw them in the Kremlin when they halted in Moscow, two days after the accident at Borki, to return thanks to God for their preservation, in the cathedral where Alexander III. had been anointed Emperor a little more than five years earlier. From the sympathetic joy of the Russian people which I then witnessed, I know now what sincere sorrow those people will feel when they behold their beloved dead Emperor and his grief-stricken family.

ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

ORIANDA, THE RESIDENCE OF GRAND-DUKE CONSTANTINE, UNCLE OF THE DECEASED EMPEROR.



SEVASTOPOL, WHERE THE FUNERAL CORTÉGE TOOK THE TRAIN FOR ST. PETERSBURG.

ANDREW S. DRAPER.

ANDREW S. DRAPER, who on November 15th assumed the office of Regent, or President, of the Illinois State University, occupies a prominent position among American educationists.

Mr. Draper was born in Otsego County, New York, June 21, 1848. In 1855 his parents removed to Albany, which has since been his home. Until 1863 he attended the Albany public schools; but in that year, winning a prize scholarship, he was transferred to the famous Albany Academy, from which he was graduated in 1866. For four years after this Mr. Draper engaged in teaching. Studying law in Union University, he was admitted to the bar in 1871, and continued the practice of his profession until 1884, when President Arthur appointed him as one of the judges of the United States Court of Alabama Claims. Mr. Draper served in this position until the conclusion of the business of the court in 1886. Meanwhile Mr. Draper had taken an active part in politics as a Republican, and served frequently upon party committees and as a delegate to county, State, and national conventions of his party. In 1880 he was elected to the Legislature, and served upon important committees during the session.

Mr. Draper's educational career began in 1886, when the Legislature elected him to the position of State Superintendent of Public Instruction for the term of three years. The Legislature was strongly urged by leading teachers throughout the State not to choose Mr. Draper as Superintendent, the objection being made that he was a politician and not an "educational man." It is one of the greatest tributes to Mr. Draper's character and ability that in 1889 he was re-elected without a dissenting voice, the teachers of the State being his warmest friends and supporters. By his activity and his enthusiasm he aroused an interest in public education throughout New York State previously unheard of. By his writings and addresses he gave New York a leading place in the educational councils of the nation. It was hoped that Mr. Draper's place was secure, and that he would continue to serve New York during the remainder of his public career. But the Legislature elected in 1891 was Democratic, and while the leaders of that party united in the tributes paid to Mr. Draper's ability and efficiency as a public officer, they insisted on displacing him for a Democrat.

Just at this time the city of Cleveland, Ohio, underwent a revolution in municipal administration, and needed a new Superintendent of schools. The new law made provision for a Superintendent of Public Instruction who should have the power to appoint and dismiss all the teachers, and exercise unlimited control over the educational administration of the schools. This responsible position was pressed upon Mr. Draper, and finally accepted by him. He lately closed two years of most successful service to the Cleveland schools, and his work in that city has attracted the attention of the country.

In becoming the head of a great State university Mr. Draper will meet problems that are new in form only. His experience and reputation justify the expectation that Illinois, no less than New York, will date an educational era from his advent.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

THE State of Illinois, when admitted to the Union in 1818, received grants which might have been used to endow a university. These funds were, however, diverted to other purposes, and it was not till 1867—twenty-six years later than the University of Michigan, and eighteen years later than the University of Wisconsin — that the Illinois Industrial University was established, with the land grant made to Illinois by the Morrill act of 1862 as an endowment, and located in Urbana, Champaign County. The name was afterwards changed to University of Illinois.

Already there were twenty-six colleges in Illinois, more than in any other State except Ohio, and it was not to be expected that the new university, but meagrely endowed, and not at first very liberally supported by the State, would speedily gather large numbers of students, but with increase of funds have come greater facilities, more instructors, and more students. The university has this year 32 professors and assistant professors, and as many more instructors and assistants. The number of students pursuing university courses in 1884–5 was 225; 1889–90, 356; in 1894–5 it is 610, of whom 92 are young women. The whole number is about 800 for this year.

The university makes no charge for tuition. The expenses of living vary with the taste and means of the student; he can, if he will, live as economically here as at any similar institution. The funds available for current expenses this year are about $140,000, and the Legislature has appropriated in the past four years nearly $250,000 for buildings at the university.

The university, to facilitate its work, is organized into four colleges—of agriculture, engineering (including architecture), science, and literature.

There are two instructors in physical culture, one for the young men and one for the young women. The fine Military Hall, erected in 1890, with its unobstructed drill-room, 100×150 feet, is also used by the young men for a gymnasium. They have, too, an enclosed park, with track, ball grounds, etc.

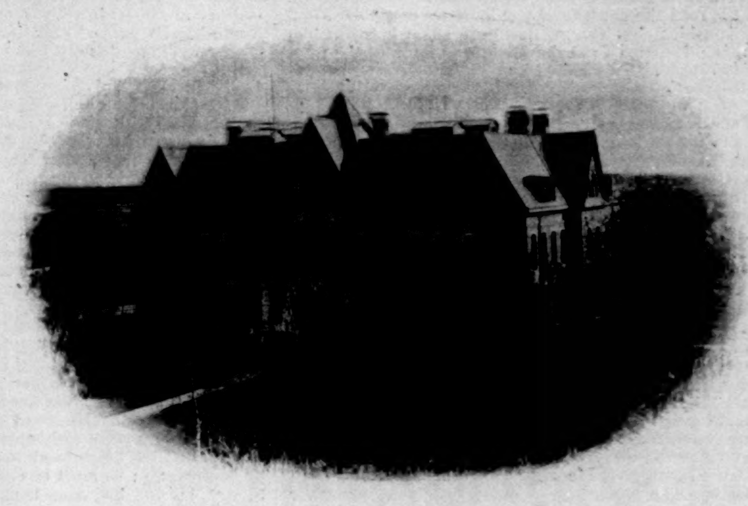
The Graduate School, open to persons already holding college degrees, confers, in prescribed courses of one and three years, masters' and doctors' degrees respectively.

To undergraduates there are offered 244 courses of instruction, most continuing for a term—three terms a year—but many for a year. The courses of the College of Engineering are quite rigid, but in most other departments, especially in the College of Literature, the student has great freedom in the choice of studies.

The College of Literature gives instruction in ancient and modern languages, in mathematics, history, economics, philosophy, psychology, and pedagogy. The department of art and design offers seven courses. The rooms occupied by the College of Literature are in University Hall, the largest building on the grounds. University Hall also contains the electrical laboratory, the museums, the art gallery, the chapel, the library, with its 30,000 volumes and pamphlets, and the university offices.

In the College of Science most elaborate provision has been made for instruction in the natural sciences, in chemistry and pharmacy, and in physics.

Natural History Hall, erected in 1892, at a cost, with furnishings, of $80,000, is occupied by the departments of botany, bacteriology, zoology, physiology, mineralogy and geology, and experimental psychology.



NATURAL HISTORY HALL.

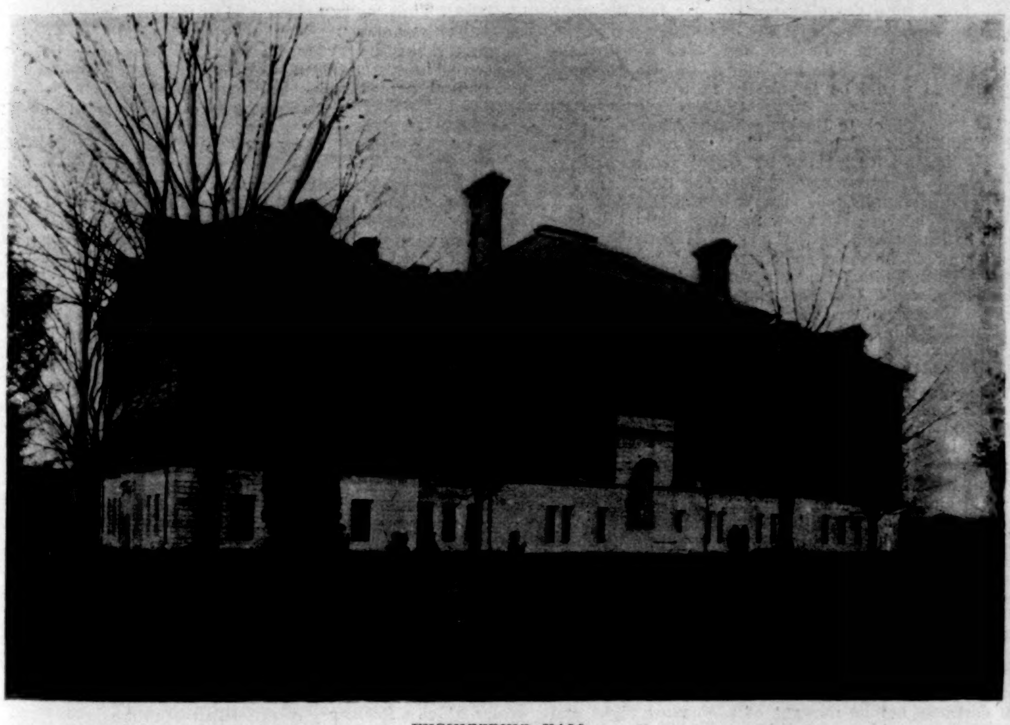
The university has lately established on the Illinois River a permanent biological station for continuous investigation, throughout the year, and one year after another, of the plant and animal life of the Illinois River and its dependent waters. This is at present the only permanent fresh-water station in America, and is the first in the world to undertake the systematic study of the plant and animal life of a great river system. In physics courses extending through three years are offered.

Four-year courses of instruction are offered in mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, civil engineering, municipal and sanitary engineering, architecture, and architectural engineering.

As soon as the mechanical engineering department was fairly organized, in January, 1870, it was decided to unite theoretical and practical instruction. Thus was set in operation, first in America, a workshop purely and simply for instruction. The next year Machinery Hall, a brick building 88 × 126 feet, and two stories in height, was erected, and the first story was devoted to workshops and forge and moulding-rooms.

November 15th the new Engineering Hall was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. The address of the day was delivered by President Adams, of the University of Wisconsin. Governor Altgeld presided.

This building, one of the largest and finest buildings devoted exclusively to engineering education in the country, has been erected at a cost of $160,000.



ENGINEERING HALL.

November 15th, besides marking the dedication of Engineering Hall, will also be remembered as the day on which the third president of the university, Andrew Sloan Draper, LL.D., was inaugurated. Under the firm and wise guiding hand of Dr. John M. Gregory, president from 1867 to 1880, broad foundations were securely laid, making a successful future possible. Dr. Selim H. Peabody's faithful years of service from 1880 to 1891 carried the university skilfully through serious difficulties, and were marked by higher standards, a closer affiliation with the public schools, a very great increase of resources, and the beginning of the recent rapid increase in the number of students. His work is best appreciated by those who know it best. Professor T. J. Burrill, for three years acting president, won the love and esteem of all his associates and of every student. He has helped to build the university by this temporary service only less than by his long-continued and distinguished labors as an instructor and original investigator.

The omens of this autumn day were all propitious to this youthful university and its new president. It remains that the State of Illinois so support its own university that the growth and prosperity of the child may be commensurate with the strength and proud position of the parent.

W. L. PILLSBURY.

UNIVERSITY HALL.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MASTER.

HE half groped his way down the stairs. In this mist of tears all things were obscured, even the image of Eleanor Wyndwood.

No, one thing was clear—the figure of the sweet Puritan woman with her simple righteousness.

He emerged into the Rue de Rivoli with its pretentious architecture, its glittering shop windows, its bustle of life; across the road the gardens of the Tuileries stretched away in the sunshine; but the gentle figure stood between him and Paris. He tried to shake her off, to think of the transcendent raptures that awaited him on the morrow; he tried to see Eleanor's face steadily, but it was all wavering lines like a reflection in storm-shaken water. He bethought himself of selecting the secluded restaurant and hiring the private room for the dinner, but the figure of Ruth resurged, blotting Eleanor's out. He took out her photograph and kissed it again. "She's a little angel," he cried aloud. And then, from that chaos of ancient memories freshly stirred up, came like an echo Mad Peggy's cry: "She's a little angel. . . ." A girl passing him laughed in his face, and he put away the portrait, flushing and chilled to the marrow.

He told himself he must soak himself in Paris and forget her. He walked towards the Grand Boulevards, trying vainly to absorb and assimilate the gayety of the streets. He returned to his hotel, and dressed and dined with dainty dishes and sparkling wines, such as Herbert himself would have recommended. But the quivering roots of his being had been laid bare; his soul vibrated with intangible memories, and the image of Ruth still possessed his imagination; the candid eyes, the pure skin. He was a painter, and his soul was touched through the concrete.

After dinner he wandered about the gay city, adding the red of his cigar tip to the feverish dusk athrob with a myriad stars above and a myriad lights below; the soft spring air was charged with the pleasurable hum of ceaseless pedestrians; the theatres and music-halls and dancing places blazoned themselves upon the night; the great restaurants flared within and without, their pavement tables thronged with light-hearted men and pretty women, gossiping, laughing, clinking glasses. Women, everywhere women. They looked out even from the illustrated papers of the illumined kiosks. The shining city seemed to waft an incense of pleasure up to the stars; to breathe out an aroma of sinless voluptuousness that rose like a thank-offering for life. His heart expanded to all this happiness, he felt himself being caught up by the great joyous wave, and Eleanor Wyndwood's face came back radiant and seductive. But Ruth Hailey was still at his side, and ever and anon he saw her as in her later guise—stern, sorrowful, negativing; she stood out against the whole city.

He seated himself before one of the innumerable little marble gueridons. He was at the cross-roads of the great arteries dominated by the fulgent façade of the Opera-house, where he could watch the perpetual currents of gladsome life. He observed the countless couples with emotion, striving to concentrate himself on the thought of his imminent happiness, when the love that sustained the world and made it sustainable should be his at last; when he should become as other men, living the natural life of the race and the sexes in sympathetic fusion. But the figure of Ruth Hailey stood firm amid the swirling crowds, and her pure eyes shamed his thought, and filled his breast with an aching tenderness for the poor human atoms he had deserted—for Rosina, for Billy, for "Aunt Clara"—for whom there was no happiness and no natural life. He fought against this obsession of Ruth's spirit, he struggled to fix his vision on the glitter and the gayety, but he had to see her standing like a rock or a tower four-square against smiling, treacherous seas.

But if he went back to Rosina in honorable acknowledged union, then farewell to Society! To take her about with him was out of the question; she would be more unhappy than he in those high glacial latitudes of humanity. Well, what was Society to him? He could shake it off as easily as the Micmac of his childhood shook off the clothes of Christendom. To be shut out from Society were no privation for him. He had the advantage of his fellow-artists, who sacrificed at its shrine and were sacrificed to it. He could couch on fir boughs, he had lived on bread and water. This constant concern with wines and cookery, with coaches and carriages, this gorging and gormandizing and self-pampering—did it add dignity to life? Was it worth the hecatomb of hearts and souls offered up for it—this low luxury of the higher classes? Was not simplicity the note of greatness—in life as in Art? And howsoever simple the complex comfort of their lives might seem to those born to it, was it for artists to imitate this lowest side of the upper classes, especially if it frittered away their Art? Was it for Bohemia to ape Philistia, and for Art—the last of the rebels against the platitudinization of life—to bow the knee and swear allegiance to the vulgar ideals of fashion? Ah, but if he went back to Rosina—and the new thought struck a chill as of graveyard damps—it was all over with his Art. That, just beginning to revive under the inspiration of Eleanor Wyndwood, would be a sheer impossibility under the daily oppression of Rosina with her kitchen horizon. His imagination would be clogged with the vapors of cabbage. He would not even be able to do the old bad work. Not that this would matter; there had never been any joy in it, and he would abandon it altogether. He would retire from Art as from Society, and the exhibitions should know him no more. He would go out of the business; that was all it was, he told himself with a bitter smile. His fame was a bauble, a bagatelle. For all it mattered to him it might have been his uncle, Matthew Strang, whose name was on the lips of strangers. There was still work in the world for an honest man to do; he remembered again that his hands could wield more than the brush; besides, he had a little capital now, Rosina had still her income. Perhaps they would go back to Nova Scotia and buy a farm. They would sow and reap, far from the glare of cities, and the sweet simple sun and rain would bless the work of their hands. His life would be joyless, but perchance his soul would be at peace.

Yes, but to give up Art! Art, which was the meaning of his life! Rosina's life stood for nothing. It was out of all proportion to give up his for hers. Had he not suffered enough? had he not already expiated his marriage, the hapless union he had entered into when distracted by illness and disgrace and hunger, when perhaps his whole future had hinged—such were the tragi-whimsical turns of life—on his reluctance to change his last dollar.

He rose and walked about restlessly through the glistening streets. Everywhere restaurants, open-air tables, men, women. He wandered to Montmartre. More restaurants, more couples, cafés, cabarets, queer entertainments; *Le Chat Noir*, *Le Rat Mort*, the red sails of the famous Mill turning tirelessly, lights, gayety, women, always women, of all shades of prettiness and piquancy, with rosy cheeks and lips not always painted, and eyes that could shine without bismuth. He walked back through the Grand Boulevards—they were one flush of life.

But the reasoning was inexorable. He had sacrificed Rosina to his Art; Art had slipped through his fingers, but Rosina remained none the less sacrificed. Now his Art must be sacrificed to Rosina—the atonement was logical. That was not a surrender, he told himself angrily, to Ruth Hailey's views of life—a view whose narrowness he and everybody around him had outgrown. He refused to recognize, in the face of this radiant Paris, that each human soul came into the world to sacrifice its happiness to other human souls. That seemed to him a preposterous paradox rather than a solution; a world of reciprocal whipping-boys was an absurdity, and, at any rate, if such were the scheme of creation, it did not work at all with the gross run of mankind, to say nothing of animals. The only reason for going back to Rosina must be honestly to fulfil his side of the bargain. She had done her part, he must do his. That his return to her meant the ruin of his life and his life-work was not her concern; these larger issues were too wide for her comprehension; she loved her husband and she desired him. That was enough. He owed himself to her, and to shirk his obligation was as dishonorable as to disown a debt. He had paid off the Starbrough storekeeper, although absolved by bankruptcy; he must be equally honorable with Rosina, though his life had been bankrupted. Practically his Art had always been sacrificed to her; it was her pettiness that had driven him to produce in haste for the market, so as to escape indebtedness to her; well, let the sacrifice be consummated.

He had come to the Place de la Concorde—it seemed a fairyland of romantic lights, a dance of fire-flies; it wooed him towards the calm and solitude of the river. He leaned on the parapet and saw the water stretching away in marvellously solemn beauty, hushed and lonely, with a many-twinkling perspective of red and yellow gleams palpitating in the air dim with a yearning poetry. He felt the presence of Ruth Hailey at his side; she looked like the photograph now; he held her little hand and gazed into her candid eyes! Good God! This girl had loved him all those long years and would be hopelessly faithful even unto death.

But if he went back to Rosina, what of Eleanor Wyndwood? Would he spoil her life, too? and more culpably than he had spoiled Ruth Hailey's? He sighed wearily; it was impossible to do wrong and have the result simple. Life was so intercomplicated. But he had been honest with Eleanor, thank heaven; she knew the truth about his life; he would be honest with her to the end. He would tell her the truth now. The same noble, uncalculating simplicity that had accorded him friendship, that had been ready to give him love, would bear her triumphantly through the new trial. He remembered her brave words: "If I did not suffer I should think I had not grown." Perhaps there would be consolation for both in the thought that she remained unsullied before the world.

He crossed the river, and his mood changed. He got towards the Latin Quarter, and wandered into the "Boule Miche" amid the students' restaurants, where young humanity sat in its couples again, amorous and gay; every place was full within and without, and there was the gurgle of liquids with the sounds of singing and laughter; he was back again amid the blithe, insouciant, easy-going life of the eternal undergraduate, with the local variation of bocks; rakish young men danced through the restaurants arm in arm in tipsy merriment; poets with lack-lustre visages and tumbled hair imbibed vermouth, clinking glasses with their mistresses; the smoky air vibrated with irresponsible gayety; it was full of invitations to careless happiness, joyous levity, forgetfulness of an austere view of life. Puritanism seemed a form of dementia, asceticism a sunless folly. The atmosphere gained upon him. He tossed off a bock, then walked recklessly past Mrs. Wyndwood's studio. The whole block was in darkness, but he thought of to-morrow night, and the blind alley glowed as with bonfires of joy. He resolved to sup famously. He jumped into a victoria and drove to a fashionable restaurant. It was near midnight; the theatres had emptied, but the streets were only the fuller. He passed through rooms full of dazzling women in gorgeous evening costumes, sipping champagne; women, always women; the city blossomed with them like roses. He ordered some oysters and chablis, and forgot to eat; opposite him a self-conscious celebrity of the footlights, blazing with diamonds, held her court, surrounded by a bevy of dandies; behind him a black-eyed *demi-mondaine* in red playfully rapped her cavalier's knuckles; at the next table the exuberant loveliness of a supper party diverted him; he drank, drank, listening greedily to the gay repartees. Life should be joy, joy, joy, he thought. That was what modern life lacked, gray with problems, wrinkled with thought. These people lived—lived in splendid insolence under the midnight sun. There was a touch of bigness that appealed to him in their arrogant vitality. Society was an organized insipidity, afraid of life.

The figure of Ruth Hailey rose rebuking; he paid the bill and went out.

But his heart cried, ached for happiness. Ah, no! He could not give up so young; go into a living grave. He roved the Boulevards again. The beautiful city solicited him, rouged and perfumed, clad in shining garments, with star-gemmed hair. But the virginal figure of Ruth Hailey, with sweet shy eyes, stood against the city. Paris seemed garish beside her.

He was fluctuating again. It seemed as if the simple girl would draw him away from all the joys of life. Was there no means of ridding himself of her haunting presence? A grotesque mask looked out of a cab. Ah! the fancy ball! He had forgotten. That would lay the ghost of his disordered imagination. He felt in his pocket and found the ticket; he hastened to the scene of revelry! A clatter of cabs and a blaze of lights—he had arrived.

The first glimpse within was exhilarating, provoking, dazzling, overwhelming; he had a confused sense of a hall of a thousand lights and mirrors, reeking with scent and heat, and reverberant with music and shrieks and laughter, white with the whirling gleam of seminude women, and motley with the rainbow hues and multiplied reflections of male masqueraders; a mad, joyous orgie, the diabolical medley of a glittering, tinselled pantomime and an opium-eater's nightmare. Ah, here was oblivion of Ruth Hailey at last, and he eagerly took up a position on a raised platform that ran along the side of the gigantic ballroom, trying to catch the contagion of the scene, and ready to rush into the heart of the devil-may-care jollity. The gleeful, palpitating pageant—a twisted, tangled kaleidoscopic rally of riotous color and flesh tones—tore past him, dancing, leaping, shrieking, wantoning, clowning, kissing—uncouth as the gargoyles of Notre Dame and brilliant as the midnight boulevard—Japanese figures and demons, gladiators in cuirasses and bathing drawers, Gallic warriors in skins, brawny barbarians in blankets, Amazons with brass breasts, a savage in a girdle of fig-leaves, a real Samoan girl with coal-black hair in the convoy of her Russian lover in a tall white hat, a boy as a German girl, and an elderly woman as a gendarme with orange blossoms in her hair; one man with a helmet crowned by a black cat, and another with a mock broken head, reddened bandages, and a hideous stream of blood on his shirt front. And women—always women; a few masked, but most barefaced, shining with flowers and flesh; models of all sorts and conditions, some with tarnished gaudery; blondes, brunettes of every nationality—French, English, Greek, Italian, Creoles, negresses, diversely dowered; frail anæmic women, fervid gipsylike women, saucily splendid women, soft sleepy women with languorous black eyes, sweet lilylike women, big blousy women, tall febrile women, little demoniac women, all content to take life as a flash of leaping flame flickering out to an early darkness. And as they danced, and laughed, and romped, and shouted, the fun rose to hysterical frenzy; four masked men bore the queen of the models, sinuous in complete fleshings, niched in an outspread gigantic fan; before it a Druid and a Bacchante danced backwards; behind it seethed a vast, picturesque procession of women mounted on their cavaliers' shoulders, smoking cigarettes and waving lighted red and green lanterns; at its sides girls pirouetted frantically, foot in mouth; the brazen orchestra clanged—the procession defiled, frolicking, round and round the hall, roaring a students' marching chorus; a wave of hysteria ran through the assembly, mighty, magnetic, compulsive; and Matthew Strang waved his arms and shouted and sang with the best. Then supper came, and he fought for some in the balconies, amid the roar of voices and the rattle of knives, and the shouts for the maddened waiters, and the indescribable exhalations of food, and wine, and smoke, and hot air, and scented flesh. The half-deserted dancing floor was littered with champagne capsules, bits of lanterns, ends of cigarettes, fragments of dresses, spangles, morsels of fur. After supper the frolic grew more intoxicating, the gayety more reckless; sweet demure-looking girls gave themselves to high-kicking and lascivious movement; they obliged with the *danse du ventre;* in a corner a woman turned somersaults from sheer light-heeledness, a bashi-bazouk trundled a hoop through the centre of the room, a band of fifty dancers with joined hands ran amuck among the yelling crowd. Matthew Strang's senses ached with the riot of color and the rollick of figures and the efflorescence of femineity, and the tohu-bohu of this witches' sabbath. And then a strange ancient thought struck him afresh—the same grotesque thought that after his father's death had weighed upon his childhood: very soon all these scintillating, whirling figures would lie still and cold, frozen in death. They suddenly became nothing but marionettes in a clock-work mechanism destined to run down. And then the girlish form that had hovered mistily in his neighborhood throughout all the tumultuous hours grew clear again, and against this pandemoniac background, the inexorable figure of Ruth Hailey rose, simple and virginal, with sweet shy eyes.

The atmosphere seemed unbearably mephitic. He sallied shamefacedly into the street. It was Sunday morning, stainless and fresh and blue. The sunrise brooded over the sleeping gray-etched city in sacred splendor. The sun was like a gigantic bowl of pure gold with a refracted cover separated from it by a rift of cloud. Around it the sky was dappled with lines and splashes and a ring or two of pale sulphur, ending to the south in a narrow gulf of green. And all this loveliness of color was spread on two amorphous islands of amber-gray in an ocean of pale blue sky, across which a few fleecy clouds sailed swanlike.

He had a perception of the divine, speaking through the silence of beauty. And the world was asleep or at riot.

Ah! this should have been the message of his Art. Each morn the sunrise spoke its flaming word unheard; it was the artist's function to stir the world to the perception of the sublimity and poetry that lay all round unheeded; to uplift its eyes to the loveliness of realities, realities solid as rocks, yet beautiful as dreams; visionary and tangible; the great verities of sun and sea and forest, of righteousness and high thinking; beautiful and elemental.

Too late! Too late! Art was over now. Not to his hand had the mission been given; once he had thought to feel the sacred fire in his bosom; but he knew now that the mission was not for him. He had failed.

The great streets stretched under the blue dawn bathed in sacred freshness. The stir of night was passing into the stir of morning. The sleepy yawn of returning revellers was met by the yawn of early-risen artisans.

Ah, not all the world was gay. He had been surveying only the sparkling bubbles and froth of Paris. Below flowed the sober, orderly, industrious civic life, with its bottom dregs of misery. All the great cities were full of dolorous figures, every byway and alley swarmed with sickly faces, pale fruits of a congested civilization. He had always kept his eye on those happier than he: now he was reminded of how much more than the man in the street he had drawn in the lottery of the fates. He remembered the saying of a street scavenger he had come across in his days of destitution. "I'm neither hungry nor dry, so what have I to grumble about, mate?" What indeed had he, Matthew Strang, to grumble about? There did not seem to be enough happiness to go round. Who was he, to be selected for a special helping? What was he more than his mate the scavenger, more than any other of the human souls he had met in his diversified career, more than his fellow-lodgers in the slums of Holborn or Halifax, or his fellow-passengers on board the *Enterprise*, or the blind woman who caned chairs in the basement of the house of the Rotherhithe bird-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

stuffer? Why should he be happy? It was like a new thought, luminous and arrestive. And then it flashed upon him that all this glitter of gayety that had dazzled his covetous eyes, even if it were not half an illusion, was infinitely subdivided; each person could only have a minute share in the overwhelming total, and even this quantum of joy must be alloyed with the inevitable miseries of the human lot. This was the fallacy that in London, too, had added the sting of envy to his unhappiness; he had lumped together all the pleasure and splendor and happiness of the capital, forgetting that though it could all be lacked by one man, it could not be possessed by one. And to look at life from the outside was childish—it was like reading paragraphs about people in the newspapers. How happy he himself loomed in biographical summaries! Poor Rosina! Poor Aunt Clara! Poor Billy! What happiness for these?

They were foolish, fretful creatures, all of them; in the jargon of the drawing-rooms, bourgeois, vulgar, impossible, too low even for the stigma of "suburban," but their lives were as important to them as his life to him. Each soul was the centre of its own world. If he could understand them and they could not understand him the gain was to him. He was strong, therefore he must supplement their weakness; not because of any ethics or theology, simply because he was stronger. For sheer pity he must give up his life to theirs; sacrifice his Art to their happiness. He must adapt himself to their points of view, since they could not adapt themselves to his; if for Rosina the world turned on the price of beef, he must teach himself to be interested in the price of beef. He had found it easy enough on the day when they had gone a-marketing together at Halifax. He saw her as then, buoyant, youthful, gay, even pretty; was it not he who had made her shrewish, sorrowful, unlovely? How nobly reticent she had been about his neglect of her! Coble had died thinking her ideally happy, boastfully proud of his son-in-law. And, after all, there was an excellent side to her economical instincts; she did not long for diamonds and dinner parties, like the wives of other artists; nay, wiser perhaps than he, she had known to content herself with her own station. Even Tarmigan must have approved of her as an artist's wife.

He arrived at his hotel. To his astonishment, it was in full illumination; he heard the strains of dance music from within. He peeped into the magnificent dining-room; it was become a ballroom, and sober couples were waltzing. Women, always women; irreproachable this time; elegant in shimmering silks. The world of fashion was dancing there—on behalf of a charity.

He wavered again; this was the world he was leaving forever—the world of soft things, the world of thought and pleasant speech, the world of art and books and music, the caressing world that praised pictures and the makers thereof—the world of Eleanor Wyndwood. But the fight was over; in every sense, he told himself, the fight was over.

He gave instructions that he was to leave by the first morning train; he mounted to his room and packed up, then he wrote to Eleanor:

"Dear Mrs. Wyndwood,—I am leaving Paris at once. I am going back to my wife. I have thought it over, and see that I have no option. I have been forgetting that in return for her helping me to Art I vowed to love, cherish, and protect her. If I cannot love her—if I can only love you, if the thought of you will always be like music to me, though I must never see you again in the flesh—I must at least do my best to make her happy. This is not only a farewell to you, it is a farewell to Art. I retire from the long contest broken-hearted.

"Yours truly,

"Matthew Strang.

"P.S.—You will be happier without me, and all the suffering I must have brought upon you. Forget me. God bless you!"

[to be continued.]

THE MAYOR-ELECT OF NEW YORK.

William L. Strong, the champion of municipal reform, was born in Mansfield, Ohio, a little more than sixty years ago, and was educated there in the common schools. In 1853 he came to New York and took a position with the firm of L. O. Wilson & Co., and remained in that house for five years. Then he took a clerkship with the dry-goods house of Farnham Dall & Co. He remained with the firm until by various steps he became its head, and its name was changed to William L. Strong & Co. He is also President of the Central National Bank, President of the Homer Lee Bank-note Company, Vice-President of the New York Security and Trust Company, Director of the Erie Railway, Director of the New York Life-insurance Company, Director of the Mercantile Trust Company, Director of the Hanover Fire-insurance Company, Director of the Plaza Bank, and Treasurer of St. John's Guild. This long list gives some idea of Mr. Strong's business energy and capacity as a man of affairs. It is impossible to think of him in the new public position to which he has been elected as employing back-stair methods.

He is a member of the Union League Club, and extremely popular there, where the older men find in him a congenial companion, and the younger members a person for whom it is easy to cherish the highest respect. Mr. Strong has long been a member of other political and social clubs, and in 1882 he was the candidate of his party in his home district for Congress, but was defeated. This was the only time he was ever a candidate prior to this election. He will go into office with no other pledge than to do his utmost to give to the city a genuine business administration. The Committee of Seventy, which put Mr. Strong in nomination, will undoubtedly ask the Legislature to pass a bill giving the Mayor both the power of appointment and removal.

GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail to sufferers.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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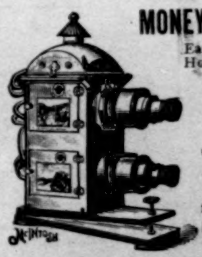

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CHINA'S ULTIMATE DOWNFALL.

ITS CAUSES, AND "A FORECAST."

FROM the moment that war was declared it was well known to those who had any intimate knowledge of the two countries that the fighting could have but one issue—the invariable defeat of the Chinese. The press, however, was strangely and widely misinformed on this point, and the public almost universally swallowed the astonishing theory, gravely propounded, that because China had 400,000,000 of people and Japan only 40,000,000, the latter must therefore be wiped out. Arithmetic will not determine the fate of nations, and historical precedent alone will show that a warlike nation of considerably less than 40,000,000 souls can even conquer the world, under certain conditions.

It is a strange fact that until recently "Chinese" and "Japanese" were practically synonymous terms in the public mind; but the public can hardly be blamed for holding misconceptions as to the true nature of the two nations, when it is wofully if not wilfully misled by the utterances of irresponsible writers in the public prints.

In a leading London comic journal appears a cartoon illustrating the inane statement, "The Jap orders a London-made evening dress, and fondly imagines that he is not a savage still." London is indeed more justly celebrated for the excellence of its dress suits than for the humor of its weekly comics.

In the September number of the *North American Review*, Mr. Heard, who really ought to know better, gives vent to the following quaint apprehensions:

"If Korea falls into the hands of the Japanese, God help her!"...."*300 years ago*, when the Japanese were at war with Korea, they cut off the ears of 300,000 Koreans, and sent them back to Japan, *where the ear-monument still stands!*"

The italics are my own. It is charitable to presume that gross ignorance and not gratuitous insult animates these infantile insinuations.

One very prevalent and yet natural misconception is to regard China as one great homogeneous nation. Nothing could be further from the truth. If difference of language, difference of physique, and widely divergent sympathies are any criterion, there are as many nations in China as there are in Europe. Indeed, almost the only points common to the whole empire are the suspicious hatred of foreigners and civilization and the wearing of the pigtail. A Chinaman from Canton is incapable of conversing with a compatriot from Swatow (only 150 miles distant), and in the coast ports of China I have frequently seen the ludicrous spectacle of two Chinese from different portions of the country being compelled to exchange their ideas in "pidgeon-English." At Peking is the supreme government, but it is supreme only in name. Each of the great provinces of China is ruled by a Viceroy, who maintains his own army, and usually preserves an insolent indifference to the interests of the rest of the empire.

In China patriotism is a sentiment as uncommon as it is uncomprehended.

Opposed to this heterogeneous collection of discordances is an intensely patriotic and warlike race, amiable and ambitious, entirely and sentimentally loyal to its government, and with all the resources of civilization at its command.

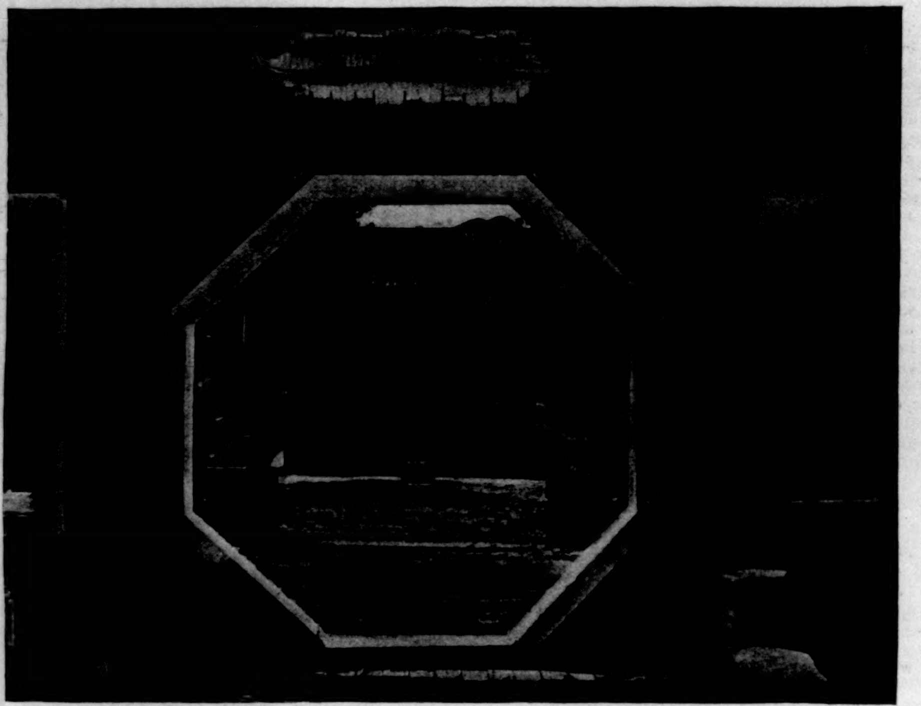
Japan is probably the most united nation in the world, and she is now affording a striking proof of the contention that "unity is strength," if, indeed, such were needed.

Turning to the purely military aspects of the two races, the contrast is even more sharply defined. The armed strength of China is a military myth, and it is meaningless to speak of the disorganization of her forces, when no organization ever existed. The corruptness of her generals is only surpassed by their colossal incompetence, and owing to the insufferable arrogance of the higher classes, the inferior officers are men who are not only ignorant, but who prefer to remain so. The rank and file have fine physique, and are passably brave if well led, but they have no military enthusiasm or patriotism, and their calling is a despised and discredited one in China.

A WELL-PRESERVED PORTION OF THE GREAT WALL.

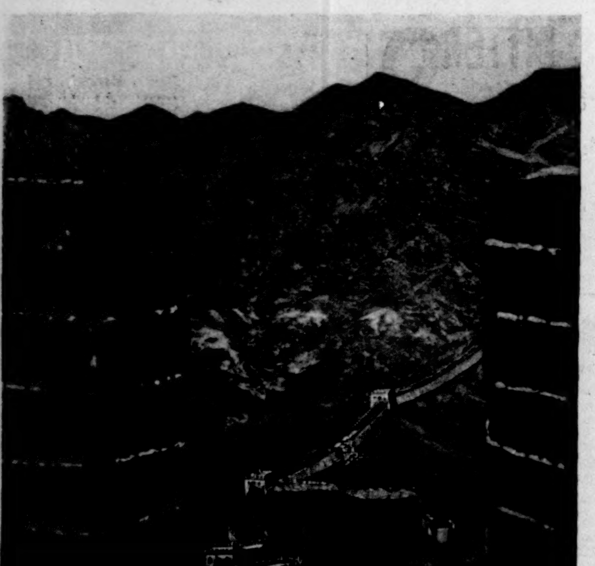
The Chinese coolie is naturally peaceful, and undesirous of "a bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," and the so-called armies are largely composed of criminals *condemned* to military service. Add to this the fact that they are undrilled, practically unarmed, and invariably ill-treated and unpaid, and one is afforded a spectacle of warlike rottenness such as the world has seldom seen.

Undoubtedly large sums of money are yearly apportioned for the military services, but the greater bulk of it disappears into the bottomless pockets of the mandarins. On making an inspection of the great Chinese arsenal at Kiangnan, I found that all the swords and bayonets there manufactured were constructed of hoop-iron, as, in the opinion of the contracting mandarins, "steel was too expensive!"



AN EXAMPLE OF CHINESE LANDSCAPE-GARDENING.

The curriculum of military training consists chiefly in the performance of ridiculous antics to frighten the foe, such as throwing somersaults, making grimaces, and uttering weird cries. The higher branches of training include practice in shooting with the bow and arrow and in hurling weights, but this supreme military education is within the reach of very few. Li Hung Chang's European-drilled troops must be exempted from the foregoing strictures, but they never constituted more than a small force, of which a large proportion was cut to pieces at the battle of Ping-Yang.



LOOKING THROUGH AN EMBRASURE OF THE GREAT WALL.
The Wall continuing in the Distance.

Contrast with the above the highly trained and eminently efficient Japanese forces. The officers have been trained in the best foreign schools, and both officers and men are hardy and brave to an unusual degree. Their marching power is such as to upset all normal tactical calculations. In the Satsuma rebellion of 1877 there was a well-authenticated case of a brigade of 3000 imperial troops effecting a march of sixty-four miles in twenty-four hours, and then fighting a successful battle at the end of it.

The men are equipped and armed in the latest and most approved style. Their magazine-rifle is an excellent one, invented by Colonel Murata, a distinguished Japanese officer. This weapon is manufactured in large quantities at the Yokosuka arsenal, and an equally efficient field-gun (8-pounder) is supplied to the artillery from the great gun-factory at Osaka. This latter arsenal is especially worthy of note for the excellence of its manufactures, which include numerous heavy guns and howitzers for coast-defence. On visiting the workshops there it is difficult to realize that one is not in the gun-factories at Woolwich or in Essen, so perfect is the work and so identical the methods.

The cavalry is somewhat indifferent, but when put to the supreme test of active service in the field, the Japanese forces have not been found wanting. Their leaders have achieved great and merited distinction; and perhaps the greatest test of all, the commissariat and supply organizations have worked admirably. Western nations will do well to adopt some of the Japanese improvements in warfare, notably the organized "Cremation Department," which follows the armies and disposes of the dead immediately after a battle. By this practical yet simple system one of the chief sanitary difficulties of a campaign is at once disposed of.

To give the best description of the Japanese troops in the fewest possible words, I do not hesitate to assert that they possess the high training of the Germans, with the fighting qualities of the Goorkhas, and a more desirable combination is scarcely conceivable.

Such being the respective merits of the opposing forces, it requires no technical knowledge to realize that on every occasion in which they meet, the Chinese must inevitably fare as badly as George Stephenson's "coo" in its problematic struggle with the locomotive.

Writing at this date (October 28th), there has been for some weeks a comparative dearth of news from the seat of war, almost equivalent to a cessation of hostilities, and the moment therefore seems opportune for venturing a forecast of the future course of the war.

It is probable that the Japanese may succeed in penetrating as far as Mookden, and capturing that historic city before the cold sets in, and the moral and material advantages to be derived from such a success would undoubtedly be very great. The severe winter of North China is, however, so rapidly approaching that doubtless the Japanese have decided not to run the risk of an immediate advance on the Chinese capital. Even if they succeeded in reaching Peking next month by a rapid dash, they would probably be unable to maintain their armies there long enough to force terms on the Tsung-li-Yamen, which could temporarily retire inland, to Tai-Yuen-Fu or elsewhere, and an abortive attempt resulting in a retreat would be disastrous to the Japanese.

On the other hand, it would be a fatal policy to suspend hostilities, and to leave China unmolested the whole winter to organize her vast resources, train her troops, and purchase ships and munitions of war from abroad. At present she is in a state of panic, and it is Japan's best interest to keep her there.

Japan's first and obvious duty is to complete the destruction of China's sea-power, and to make it utterly impossible for her to even transport troops along any portion of her coasts. This done, China is practically crippled and defenceless; for the total absence of railways and proper communications in the interior renders her incapable of concentrating her few reliable troops on threatened points.

IN A CHINESE TEMPLE—THE GODS OF PEACE AND WAR.

At present the remnants of the Chinese navy which survived the Yalu engagement are reported to be refitting at the fortified dock-yards of Port Arthur and Wei-Hai-Wei.

The movements of the Japanese land forces at present all point to the selection of these two places as their ultimate destination. Either place is too strong to be captured from the sea, but can be carried by a land attack from the rear.

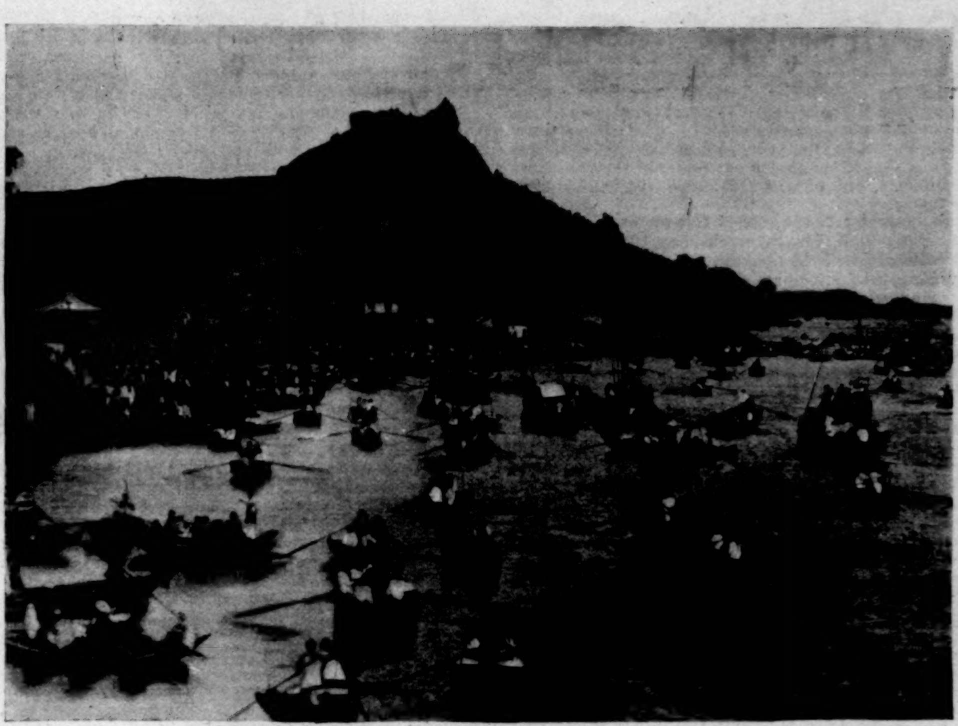
We shall probably soon hear that these two strongholds, or Port Arthur, at any rate, have fallen to a combined land and sea attack. This *coup* effected, and the Chinese dock-yards in the hands of the Japanese, the latter are complete masters of the situation. They will hold command of the sea, and can retain it by intercepting any war-ships which China may succeed in purchasing from abroad.

Thus on the approach of winter a most practicable and profitable plan of campaign is open to the Japanese. They can swiftly transfer the scene of hostilities to the south, and devote the winter to the conquest of Formosa, which island they especially covet, and to a series of detached operations against the southern ports. One important result of this action would be to slowly draw the resources of China towards the south and away from the capital.

It is certain, however, that China will not be brought to terms till Peking is taken, and therefore a southern campaign will not *decide* the war, though it would bring rich spoils to the Japanese arms, and, moreover, create the necessary diversion. Then, on the approach of spring and the break up of the cold weather, Japan, still holding the command of the sea, could rapidly transfer her armies back to the north, and make a successful advance on Peking long before the Chinese armies, which had been laboriously diverted to the south, could seriously oppose her. Once in possession of Peking, and with the whole summer before her in which to prosecute further offensive movements, Japan would have no difficulty in exacting from the Chinese government such terms of peace as she desired.

This forecast may not be justified by future events, but from a strategic stand-point it outlines a feasible and profitable plan of action for the Japanese on the basis of their past successes.

ARTHUR H. LEE, Captain R.A.



AMOY CHINESE GOING TO THE ANNUAL HILL FESTIVAL.

CHINESE PUNISHMENT OF THE "CANGUE"

THE WAR FEELING IN JAPAN.

AT present in Japan all political differences are forgotten—and political differences there, it must be said, are of a radical and far-reaching character. But never did a government win a warmer support from all classes of its subjects.

I was in the Nikko Mountains when the news came of the victory at Ping-Yang and the great naval fight near the mouth of the Yalu River. Even there one was not beyond the contagion of excitement. The post-boy ran his rounds at a pace remarkable even for him, with a merrier jingle of his dangling bell, and with a smile more benignant, if possible, than usual. There was at each visit he made a flutter of eager interest among the hotel men, which soon spread to the dainty little nesans, or housemaids, and gave rise to excited comments of I know not how patriotic a turn. And then there was an elaborate ceremonial at the magnificent mausoleum of Ieyasu, a series of sacred dances in honor of the victories, that stirred the inner provinces. And from the interior come the best stories about the feeling of the common people.

Those who travel to some purpose in Japan leave the beaten paths and explore the unfrequented regions. I know no better such traveller than a certain New-Yorker, who told me that he was recently in an interior village where one morning there was much perplexity over the predicament of some half a dozen men belonging to the reserves. They had been called out, and must get themselves and their luggage to the nearest station, twenty-five miles away, in time for a certain train. The time allowed them was too short to admit of their making the journey on foot, and the Japanese soldier is not commonly furnished with 'rickisha fare for such a distance. At this juncture some 'rickisha coolies came forward and volunteered to take the soldiers and their baggage to the station for nothing.

The same traveller was passing through one of the western provinces not long ago when he came to the dry bed of a river very difficult of passage. Standing in the rocky course was a group of girls and women, some of whom made a rush for the 'rickishas of the stranger, and had lightened them of his luggage and provisions and had begun carrying them across on their backs before he was well aware. He asked for an explanation from his guide, and was told that these were poor women from the neighboring villages, who earned a little when the river was dry by carrying over the freight which passed that way, and that now they were giving half of all they earned as their contribution to the war fund. My friend is an old army man, and naturally not unsensitive to evidences of such feeling. These women were not only paid ten times their usual fee, but were given a little speech, which the guide interpreted, and in which they were assured, with much conviction, that a country having such women as they was bound to win, and deserved to win.

To acquire a conviction as to the adaptability of the Japanese to military discipline of the most rigid sort, one has only to spend a morning at the parade-ground at Tokyo. I found about five thousand infantry on the field one morning in early September. They stood in two battalions, with reserves of heavy infantry, and at one end of the field a large force of coolies on inspection parade.

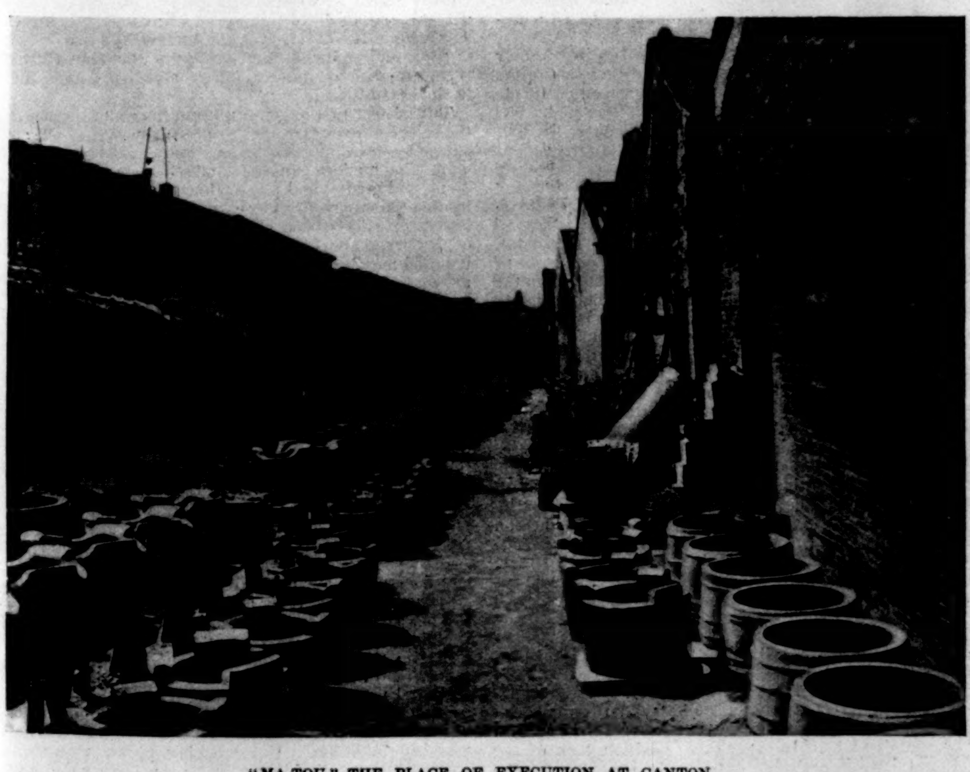
The manœuvres were repeated attacks upon fortified positions of the enemy. A line of skirmishers first advanced in open order by a series of rapid movements, broken by intervals of rest, when, lying at full length, the men fired with extraordinary rapidity. Then came a final charge with set bayonets, and with a cheer which sounded like nothing in the world so much as the first unorganized yell which follows a touch-down in a great football game.

The drill is the same as that of the Prussian army, and the wonderful precision of movement produces the most enlivening sense of spirited action.

The men are small, averaging, I suppose, about five feet two inches, but of exceedingly athletic build, and plainly of the sturdiest endurance. All the world now knows what the Japanese soldier has done in Korea, where masterly generalship and perfect discipline have been conspicuously in evidence.

WALTER WYCKOFF.

NATIVE METHOD OF TRAVELLING IN CHINA.
The Single-wheel Barrow.



"MA-TOU," THE PLACE OF EXECUTION AT CANTON.
The Space is used as a Pottery when not needed for Executions.

AMATEUR SPORT

Scarcely less praiseworthy than the overthrow on election day of Tammany's political machine in New York city was the adoption by the State of the constitutional amendments, one of which abolishes the betting rings on race-tracks.

I do not refer to the ethical side of the gambling question. No doubt there is much cause for rejoicing from that point of view. Many weak men and viciously inclined or misdirected youths have ruined their own worldly prospects and wrecked the happiness of their intimates by "playing the races"; but seventy-five per cent. of these would very likely have fallen easy victims to any other temptation that might have come their way. Nine times out of ten corruption comes from within the man. Boys should never be permitted the freedom of race-tracks, where, more than anywhere else, the surroundings may influence a receptive and unsophisticated mind. If when he has attained manhood, however, he lacks character to withstand the temptations that beset his daily path, then I incline to the belief that more times than not he is not to be reclaimed by constitutional amendments of any description. You may build up a dummy man either for your corn-field to scare away the crows, or for your drawing-room to swell the number of betrousered mortals; but take away the props you have carefully placed and he collapses. I confess to a belief in the survival of the fittest; it takes you often along a rugged path, and does not always handle you with gloves, but it is a wholesome doctrine with disciples up to any emergency of life. If you survive the struggle, you pass, at least for the time being, until probably the next grapple, into a rarefied atmosphere as exhilarating as the lightest airs of Colorado's timber-line camps. If you do not survive the struggle—well, one must go under some day.

And this is why I am so ardent an advocate of sport for boys and young men. It lessens the vicious tendencies, it brings them in touch with other boys for a study in varied dispositions, and its vigorous hardy play gives lessons that fit them for their struggle in the world as no other experience can possibly do.

But enough of ethics. It is strictly from the sportsman's point of view that this department rejoices in the suppression of legitimized gambling at the race-tracks. No greater blessing could have befallen the American turf. The prophecies of those with personal ends to subserve, that casting out the book-maker meant death to horse-racing, are false. On the contrary, the anti-gambling amendment must relieve the track of the parasites that have lived upon it and lowered the sport to a money-making machine, in which the horses are a mere incident to the business of it all.

It must banish that vicious element which is a menace to honesty, and even common decency, in whatever field it wheedles its noisome way; it must entirely obliterate the disreputable race-tracks that outrage every sporting sentiment, and the night racing that never rose above electric-light merry-go-rounds run to the book-makers' orders. It must relieve horse-racing of the most wretched scandals that have saddened sportsmen and dragged the "sport of kings" into filth deeper than any other ever reached. The banishment of book-makers will by no means restrict horse-racing, except where that restriction will be a lasting and much-to-be-desired benefit to the turf.

The meretricious display of certain cliques and the specious arguments advanced to uphold the book-maker element are dishonest; the breeder, the farmer, the owner of a stable, the sportsman, and the on-looker will in every single instance be benefited by the new order of things. Horse-racing will be placed upon a higher plane than it has been on for a dozen years; the Jockey Club will be able to pursue its good work with greater rapidity and more far-reaching results, and every honest turfman will receive encouragement in breeding and protection in racing.

The jockey clubs will no doubt miss the one hundred dollars a day paid into their treasury during meetings by book-makers, but even that will have a most wholesome influence. Inflation has characterized every department of horse-racing; it has been looked upon as a huge money-making machine which ground out the almighty dollar for the especial delectation of all those within the favored ring; salaries and expenses generally have all been extravagantly high, that the henchmen might fare sumptuously. These must all be levelled to a basis more in keeping with the percentage of profit in other industrial pursuits.

It is sufficient to say of the prospects, under the amended constitution, that the heaviest owners of breeding establishments and racing stables—such breeders and sportsmen as James R. and Foxhall Keene, David Gideon, and Colonel W. P. Thompson—hail the new order of things as the promise of an enlightened era in American horse-racing.

The suppression of the book-maker will be twice blessed by the sportsman, insomuch as it will in addition relieve the meets of the Steeple-chase, Hunt, and Pony Racing Association of a feature that, though of recent growth, has made rapid and pernicious progress. It is too bad the gentlemen governing this Association should not have acted in this wise long ago, before any scandal touched the meetings under their rules, rather than that the reformation should have been brought about by the voters of the State. If only the ballot could as effectually dispose of the professional jockey at the S., H., and P. R. Association meets, we should be much encouraged for the future of the sport of racing ponies.

I cannot see that this Association has any place whatever in the general horse-racing world. Its first purpose is not merely to give racing, or extend its membership and powers (*per se*) by permitting every Tom, Dick, and Harry race meet to be held under its rules. Its officers argue that the more meetings held under its rules, the more good done horse-racing—rather sophistical reasoning, as proved by the experience of last season, and particularly of Parkway, at which its rules were loaned only for the steeple-chases. The abiding trouble with this Association and nearly every one of its kind is that directors are not satisfied to pursue their labors in a small field. They start out with the best of intentions, but shortly begin to feel too large for their mission. They want more power, a big membership, a long list of horses, and increased number of meetings run under their rules. They seem not to be satisfied with doing great good in a prescribed field. Evidently they prefer attempting a little good in a big field, and, as is almost invariably the case, they fail of making an impression in either.

Probably I have a mistaken conception of this Pony Racing Association, but it has always been my idea that it was organized to bring together sportsmen who had galloways and hunters, and wanted to race for the sport of it under auspices of whose honesty they were assured. The book-maker and professional jockey were not a consideration; nor was it, so I thought at least, intended to set up in rivalry with the several large jockey clubs. If the sport of pony steeple-chase racing for sportsmen is not the mission of this Association, then what excuse it has for existence I confess I cannot see, nor has any member been able to clearly expound it to me. In the past year its meetings have differed, only in that they have been poorer, not a bit from those of the regular tracks. There have been the same book-makers, same jockeys, same scheming, and, in one instance at least, same scandal. It is no exoneration from responsibility that none of the Association officers filled official positions at meetings where scandals arose; indeed, the fact of their absence emphasizes just the point I make—*i.e.*, that this Association, if it makes any pretence whatever to following out its original mission, has no business to permit its rules to govern race meets or parts thereof without its officials being in attendance.

The Association would be a much more prosperous and, to sportsmen, satisfactory organization if it maintained one position or the other stanchly. At the present it is neither one thing nor the other; it is not fulfilling its original mission; it is not furnishing pony-racing and steeple-chasing meets invariably free of the unpleasant and often evil accompaniments of the professional tracks, with which idea it was originally started; it is not providing an opportunity for sportsmen to meet and race their ponies for sport, because gentlemen will not ride against professional jockeys and stable-boys; it has become an inferior imitator of the professional tracks.

University of Pennsylvania defeated Princeton, 12–0, Saturday, on the Trenton Fair-grounds. There is a complete football history in that bare announcement—a history that extends over nineteen years of football and thirty-one contests between these two colleges, and tells of the development in the science of the game and the steady improvement of Pennsylvania, that in '87 was defeated by Princeton 95–0. Six years ago Princeton won from Pennsylvania by a score of 72–4. In '90 they played two games, both of which Princeton won, 18–0 and 6–0, and in '91 Princeton won again, 24–0. In '92 Pennsylvania scored their first victory over Princeton, 6–4, and last year were defeated, 4–0. The beginning of Pennsylvania's mastery of modern football dates '90, and from that year each succeeding eleven has improved over the preceding one, and drawn nearer the three leading universities—Harvard, Yale, and Princeton—in point of skill. It was manifest in '92 Pennsylvania was making such rapid progress in the game that they could no longer be regarded, as formerly, in the light of mere practice for the older 'varsity elevens, and this year they have unquestionably won their way to the first class. It is not merely that they put out an exceedingly strong and well-balanced eleven this year, nor that they defeated Princeton, but because the team last year and this showed unmistakable evidence of distinct and individual development in the game. In either the conception of plays or their execution no university eleven has ever given a finer exhibition than did Pennsylvania against Princeton Saturday. It was modern football developed on their own lines, and most skilfully played by individuals of their own schooling; for unless I am greatly mistaken, every man of that eleven, with the exception of Osgood, ex-Cornell, and Brooke, ex-Swarthmore, learned his football at Pennsylvania. The distribution of the men on kick-off; the formation of tackles, ends, and backs for the running or kicking game; the interference—were all of Pennsylvania development, very effective, and showed much study. It is only fair to Yale to add that Pennsylvania's principal coach, Woodruff, learned his football at New Haven.

I must severely criticise Pennsylvania's very evident purpose to lay men up. Hard play is permissible, but much of Penn.'s interference seemed primarily intended to knock out the Princeton's guard or tackle. The game was the cleanest they have played, the one very nasty piece of work being the slugging of Rosengarten by Wharton, I think, who should have been instantly disqualified, and another such episode, with Rhodes as the offender. There was, however, too much surreptitious use of the knee and elbow by Penn., and it simply disgusts one that football cannot be freed of these sickening details. There must be two umpires, and disqualification on the first offence.

As for the game November 10th, an entire chapter might be written were this department dealing in details; and yet, after all, as to the circumstances concerned in the actual winning and losing of the game, there is really less to say than of any contest I ever witnessed. After the first ten minutes Princeton was simply outplayed at every point—breaking through, blocking, running with the ball either through the line or around the ends, kicking, interference, and in generalship. There was not a man on the Pennsylvania team that did not play the game of his life; they all filled their positions faultlessly; and Wharton, Williams, Gelbert, Knipe, and Brooke were brilliant. Wharton is one of the best men we have seen at guard; he is very strong in the line, and so fast, despite his 200 pounds, that he makes tackles all over the field, and is into every play. To say that he held Wheeler (who, it must be said in justice, was doing part of Riggs's work as well as his own), unquestionably the best guard playing this year, is to give an idea of his prowess. Brooke's kicking and running with the ball were of high order, and puts him very close to Butterworth, though not his equal. Knipe's line-bucking was very strong, and so was Osgood's. Williams made but a single fumble at quarter, and his tackling was sharp. Gelbert broke up what little interference Princeton showed, and outclassed Trenchard, who probably played the poorest game of his career. Rosengarten had as little difficulty with the other Princeton end, Smith. At centre, Bull, who had his first experience in football last September, completely outplayed Riggs, who two weeks ago was playing as good as Balliet at his best. Taylor and Woodruff at guard were about even, with the advantage, if either way, in the latter's favor. At tackle, Holly was outplayed by Minds, his inferior in experience, physical strength, and natural adaptability; and Lea, as long as he lasted, was a trifle better than his *vis-à-vis*, Wagenhurst. In actual quarter-back play, Poe was quite as good as Williams, but Poe did some good running with the ball, and some miserable muffing when sent back on Pennsylvania's kicks. In every other position back of the line Pennsylvania entirely outclassed Princeton. The work of the Pennsylvania backs was simply beautiful. They started like a flash, behind good interference, and struck the line with irresistible force. They worked together, and, with the exception of Osgood, never misjudged a punt.

The story of the game is a simple one. It was Pennsylvania's kick-off, and Brooke sent the ball to Princeton's five-yard line, where Cochran caught it and ran twenty yards. Ward and Morse made gains, and then Cochran punted feebly to Pennsylvania's forty-five-yard line. Here the Princeton line made one of its only two good stands in the game, and Penn.'s backs could not gain. Thereafter the story runs: Penn. bucked the line at all points, and worked the ends almost invariably for gains, once carrying the ball without losing it from about the centre of the field to within six inches of Princeton's goal-line, where they lost it on downs. On every exchange of punts they gained yards in distance, and several times secured the ball on Princeton's fumbling. Poe muffed repeatedly, Holly and Morse saving the ball several times. Princeton's arrangement of backs was very weak, Poe being left alone, with no one to guard him. Thus by Princeton's extremely poor handling of kicks, and Pennsylvania's success in bucking the line and skirting the ends, the ball was kept in Princeton's territory all the time. In fact, Princeton never got beyond Pennsylvania's thirty-five-yard line. When the ball was passed to Cochran for a kick the Pennsylvania forwards were invariably on top of him, while Brooke was so well protected that he had plenty of time to give his ends a chance of getting down the field, and to kick strong and in what direction he chose. Only once, I think, did Princeton return Brooke's punts. The uncertain work of the backs on catching was fatal to Princeton, and kept them constantly on the defensive, with their goal always in danger. Once Brooke, from the forty-yard line, made a try for goal, which fell but a yard short, and both of Pennsylvania's touch-downs were scored in the second half by Williams and Osgood on Cochran's blocked kicks.

Princeton's showing was astonishing. It was known that Penn.'s backs outclassed theirs, but the rush-line was believed impregnable. And with good reason, since it stood like a stone wall against the assaults of the same Penn. backs last year, to say nothing of its magnificent showing against Yale. Wheeler was the only one who played up to his form; he did two men's work, and he alone was able to make substantial gains through Penn.'s line. Barnett, of the backs, by long odds gained the most ground.

There are two reasons for Princeton's very weak showing. First, despite the lessons of the last two years, they seem not to realize that this game demands the best of condition, and about as much preparation as the Yale game. They have figured on the Yale game as *the* game, and made the season's training accordingly. In the Penn. game they were not in physical condition, while Lea, Ward, and Morse should not have been played at all. Second—since the Yale '93 game they have fancied themselves stars, ignoring the fact that it was team-work which won last year; they seem to have believed that the Penn. game could be won on individual prowess. Consequently they had no generalship, few plays, no interference, no team-work, and were ignobly routed. Indeed, it was more by good luck than good play that the score was not 24–0. Unless by a most earnest effort they regain the team-work they showed last year, and unless those backs learn to hold on to the ball, Princeton will be as disastrously defeated by Yale Dec. 1st.

The prospect of no football game this year between the elevens of West Point and Annapolis has created more genuine and more general disappointment throughout the United States than even the failure of Harvard and Princeton to agree upon a date of meeting mutually satisfactory. Not that the people care so much for the mere spectacle of the match itself, as is entirely obvious from the fact that an infinitesimally small percentage of them could witness it, but there is a real regret that the liberalizing influence of inter-academy sport should be ignored. I have been somewhat surprised at the number of letters I have received from different and widely separated sections of the country, all entering a protest against the discontinuance of this annual game between the two academies. And yet the popular interest is easy of understanding. The Military Academy at West Point and the Naval Academy at Annapolis are our only national institutions of learning. They are more than that; they are the training-schools of the men whom the people send there to be educated to command our armies and our ships of war. If there are any two colleges in the United States between which athletic contests would seem natural and desirable, these two are they. If anywhere, surely here should be given the lessons that make men courageous and enduring, that discipline the disposition under trying conditions, and develop prompt action and judgment in the heat of battle.

These are essential qualifications to the mastery of the science of warfare, and in no way may they be achieved except by actual physical and mental contest between man and man. No modern game demands courage, endurance, judgment, and mental and physical activity as does football, and in none is superiority more swiftly rewarded. The American people have been slow in attaining a full appreciation of this grand sport, obstinate in surrendering the belief that it called merely for "brute strength," but having at length grown to an understanding of its better, its best, lessons, are impatient of denial at any quarter. Thus they cannot understand why soldiers, experienced in warfare and the world, ignore the inestimable value of the training for courage, judgment, and determination these cadets must receive on the gridiron field. It is incredible that these two academies should have been so indifferent to the value of athletics in the cadets' preparation, particularly so when the whole science of warfare is moving forward at such a pace. The modern elevation of sport to an accepted place in our enlightened system of education appears to have had but slight influence on the commander of the army.

Half a dozen years ago there was practically no organized sport at either of the academies. There were desultory attempts at games of one kind and another, and at Annapolis some rowing and gymnastic contests, but no official recognition encouraged to athletic sports the lads who were grinding the days away in "routine" work. There has always been physical training in plenty; in fact, a good share of the cadet's life is spent in building up his muscles, either in the gymnasium or at fencing, riding, or climbing ropes. No informed mortal ever suggested that the cadet's body did not get all the training it needed, though such an argument was exploited by the War Department officials as vigorously as if the world believed the cadet suffering from physical inanition. But working pulley weights in the gymnasium or climbing ropes as a necessary detail to mastering the technique of the profession has not the recreative

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(Revised by the new Rules.)—By Walter Camp.—Illustrated.—Price $1 25.—Harper & Brothers.

features of competitive sports. That all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy is as old as the hills, but as true of Jack the Tar as any other misgoverned lad. It has been found by actual experiment at schools, academies, and universities that a judicious amount of sport is a helpful auxiliary in the education of boys and young men. The Superintendent of West Point put himself on record not over a year ago to the same effect. He reported that football had proved a stimulant to discipline by bringing about a kindlier feeling between the officers and cadets, that athletics generally had been beneficial to scholarship and an aid to military discipline, and that the dangers of football were no greater than those of the prescribed horseback riding.

DESPITE THIS PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION within their own camp, and the many similar ones to be had in every direction, the Secretaries of War and Navy and the commanding general of the army, Schofield, have set their faces against the lessons of the times and forbidden interacademic football contests. Thus the march of athletic enlightenment, which began with the institution of games about five years ago, and was continued by the first West Point-Annapolis football match in '90, seems to have taken a sudden turn into the wilderness and become a lost trail.

If the preparation or actual playing of an annual interacademy game interfered with the regular duties of the cadets or made a halt in the daily routine at either academy, the prohibitory order could be well appreciated, for the discipline is strict, and cannot, of course, give way to sport. I have, however, made a good bit of particular inquiry, and do not find that such an argument can with justice be urged.

For reasons known to themselves, the Secretary of War and General Schofield are opposed to interacademy games, nor does one acquire a very clear idea of the precise nature of their objections in the reading of General Schofield's fiat, which follows:

"The game of football as recently played requires some essential modifications. This, I believe, is the concurrent public sentiment on the subject. The required modification will be difficult to enforce, for the reason that the objectionable features are those which contribute most to success in a contested game. They are those features which are most dangerous to life and limb, and may be said to most resemble military operations. They are none the less objectionable on that account. While it is undoubtedly true that experience in actual war is the best possible military training, modern civilization does not permit the making of war simply for the purpose of training an army. For like reasons the practice in peace of those operations which most resemble war must be condemned, notwithstanding the fact that they are manifestly beneficial as military training."

The insinuation, contained in the reference to "features which are most dangerous to life and limb," that fear of accidents has prompted the prohibition is nullified by the fact that both cadet teams are permitted on their own grounds to play as many games as they like and with whom they choose, as the following order from the Secretary to the Superintendent of the Academy shows:

"The game of football will be permitted at the United States Military Academy under such regulations as may now or hereafter be prescribed by the Superintendent. He may permit teams from other institutions to visit West Point and to play there with the Academy's team, but the team of cadets is prohibited from engaging in matches elsewhere."

IN UNOFFICIAL CIRCLES AT WASHINGTON a reason given with great earnestness is the intense rivalry created between army and navy officers by the annual game, which last year came near, it is asserted, resulting in a duel between "a retired Rear-Admiral and a Brigadier-General." But this seems too absurd to be true, and if it is true should be the surest indication of the *esprit de corps* the game fosters, and which is certainly desirable in the army and navy.

Personal conflicts over a game, whether football or what not, reflect only on the belligerents, and are nothing more nor less than a detail in that great game of the survival of the fittest in which we are all engaged. If we were to stop off every vocation or avocation of mankind because of the exceptions that are wanting in balance, we should soon become a lot of colorless ninnies. A sluggish stream grows malodorous after a time. It needs a counter-current. The army and navy at Washington both want a vigorous stirring up, and if football is the necessary irritant, by all means let us have it. They may not cut so resplendent a figure as in treading the fascinating mazes of the two-step, but the effect will be more satisfactory to the great American people.

I agree on this mawkishness with the sentiments of Jerome K. Jerome, who says in effect that without individual liberty there is no manhood; that people ought to be left perfectly free to drink or gamble if they like, or even play football, because it is by these means that nature sorts out her children and sifts out the men from the noodles, strengthens the useful, and relegates to their proper position the useless and foolish. Temptations are grinding-stones in the mills of the gods. Nature requires them, and will always take care that they are present. If silly shallow thinkers had their way this world would be turned into a hatching-bed for the propagation of jelly-fish. If there were no opportunities for man to ruin himself, there would be no material for man to form himself. Their foolish plans for what they call the reformation of the world are in reality blasphemous attempts to interrupt with their puny logic the whole machine of the Creator.

PROBABLY THE MOST POTENT ARGUMENT, however, for interacademy athletic contests between West Point and Annapolis, or the one which should appeal most strongly to the Secretaries of War and Navy and to General Schofield, is England's example.

The Royal Naval College at Greenwich, the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, which correspond to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis and the United States Military Academy at West Point, not only are encouraged by the government to foster athletics, but hold annual inter-football, athletic, and cricket contests as well. They have never found that these sports interfered with the cadets' duties or affected their discipline, but, on the contrary, military and naval men of Great Britain are openly the stanchest advocates of such athletic training.

The American people are greatly interested in the young men that are to command their armies and battle-ships, and keenly appreciative of the benefits of competitive athletic contests. They would like, judging from the tone of the many letters this department has received on the subject, to see that order prohibiting the annual West Point-Annapolis football game rescinded, even if the "Rear-Admiral and Brigadier-General" have a bloodless duel on the side lines over its result.

Curiously enough, the most strenuous opposition to the game comes from the army, which, considering its eleven has won but once since 1890, should be the most eager to establish an equality on the gridiron battle-field.

The record of games is as follows: 1890—Navy, 24; Army, 0. '91—Army, 32; Navy, 16. '92—Navy, 12; Army, 4. '93—Navy, 6; Army, 4.

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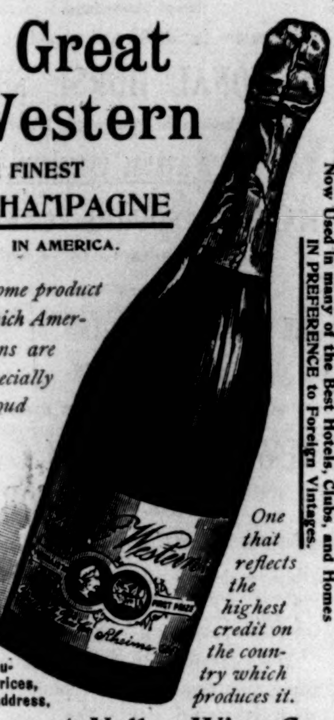

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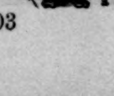

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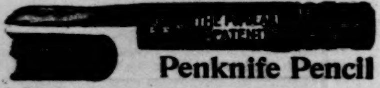

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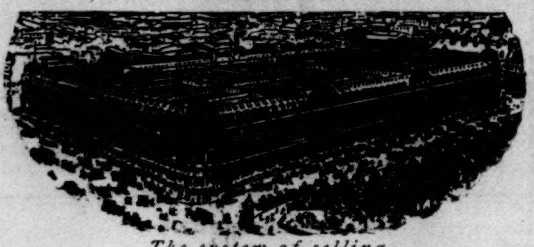

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